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The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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DECEMBER 17, 1952

PRICE

9

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SYDNEY MELBOURNE BRISBANE ADELAIDE

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

December 17, 1952

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Vol. 20, No. 29

TRAINING YOUNG TO SPEND WELL

THE shining-faced boy at the tie counter who helped you choose that rather bright effort for your husband is kin in spirit to the girl who so cheerfully sold you those handkerchiefs.

They are both out of school for the Christmas holidays. Along with hundreds of other schoolboys and schoolgirls they are experiencing the ecstatic pleasure youth gets from a weekly pay envelope.

Some can quite happily fritter away their earnings—their parents are able to provide adequately for them.

But those from less prosperous homes who want an education must put their earnings towards their upkeep for the next school year. For them there can be no carefree spending.

The spending of money is good for the community—provided it is spent sensibly.

This would be a good time for parents to train children who are earning to harness their spending-power.

Certainly, the young people should spend their money if they want to. They earned it.

But wouldn't it be wise if parents got from them each week an accounting of their expenditure?

If trained now these young people can become sensible citizens who keep enough of their money moving to provide steady employment, without the wild spending which damaged our economy after the war.

Our cover:

● Our freckle-faced cover boy is 9-year-old Charlie Holtsbaum, of Avalon, N.S.W., who with his golden cocker spaniel, Elmer, and in common with thousands of other school-boys (and girls) throughout Australia is now enjoying the first ecstatic freedom of the long Christmas holiday break. The picture was taken by Douglass Baglin.

This week:

● If you are anything of a film fan, you will remember our recent story about Australian girl Dorothy Alison's success in a newly made British film called "Mandy." On page 44 we have a preview of this movie, giving an outline of the plot, with pictures.

Next week:

● Next week we make a special announcement about the fiction we have planned for you in the New Year. We will present in our December 31 issue the first instalment of a magnificent new serial. Written by a world-famous author, the novel caused a sensation when it was published abroad recently. We will give it to you in four huge sections. We are just as excited about it as you, no doubt, are curious. This serial is really out of the box.

● With no bread being baked over the long Christmas break this year, it will be almost impossible for you to keep loaves fresh. However, you can make your own and delight the family. Bread-baking, which sounds difficult to the uninitiated, is astonishingly easy. Next week we tell you how to make several varieties of bread, so there will be no need for you to resort to dampers and scones.

Natives look to Reds after village uprising

Book review by
HELEN FRIZZELL

"WINDOM'S WAY," by James Ramsey Ullman, is the story of a temperate man in a tropical climate. It is also an allegory of the world to-day.

American-born Windom, who runs a hospital in the native village of Papan, has spent two years treating malaria, dysentery, and yaws. He has come to respect the villagers and they him.

Knowing the causes of their sicknesses, he knows also the cause of the political strife which suddenly infects the district.

Although Papan could grow rice, the staple food, plantation owner Schustermann keeps the country under rubber—forcing rice to be imported.

From the beginning Windom's sympathies are with Jan Vidal, non-communist strike leader, who wants to confer with Schustermann.

Refusing a conference, Schustermann calls in police, who beat up Jan's followers. In consequence, workers riot and burn plantation property, while Schustermann escapes to the city with the story that the riot is Communist-inspired.

Knowing that troops and officials will descend on Papan, Windom urges Jan's men to "Go back—tend the rubber plants, and rebuild the houses you have burned. They'll let you have your rice crop if you meet them half-way."

But while the men go on with their work of restoration among the rubber, a plane dives from the sky and machine-guns them. Still trying to help, Windom intervenes again, suggesting that the workers leave for the hills while he mediates with the authorities.

Until officials arrive, Windom cares for the wounded in the hospital. Before setting off to the exiled villagers, he stipulates to the native commissioner that strike leaders be met without prejudice and that the newly planted rice should not be harmed.

"For," he stresses, "the one sure way to lose them to the Communists is to keep on exploiting and repressing them."

But it is already too late. On reaching the hills, Windom finds that Jan and his men have veered to Communism. Windom is immediately imprisoned and his companion is shot.

The book works up to a bitter climax—Windom escapes from treachery only to return to it. Even his wife betrays him.

At the end, Windom and a few of his staff remain at the hospital, preparing to receive wounded in the battle which will soon rage.

As ever, his middle course sets him in a dangerous position.

Appreciating this, he can still urge hospital workers to follow his ideas. "This is our way," he says, "and if it is often dark, often lonely, often bitter, so is every way that is worth the travelling."

To the reader, it is comforting to know that the world still contains men of Windom's calibre—and thinking writers of Ullman's brand. The book should be recommended reading for all—whether their political thinking plants them to the left, right, or centre.

Its title needs little changing. Substitute an "S" for an "N" and you will find that in the author's opinion the middle way stands for "Wisdom's Way."

Published by Collins, London. Our copy from Angus and Robertson.

Quote:

"My true-love hath my heart, and I have his;
By just exchange one to the other given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his."

—Sir Philip Sidney

Cream away
UNDER-ARM HAIR
in 3 minutes



No razor to scrape, no wax to pull, and leave ugly stubble. Amazing Veeet smooths away all superfluous hair in 3 minutes. Just apply Veeet. Leave it 3 minutes. Then wash away. Skin is left soft as velvet. Under-arms have sparkling glamour. So use Veeet cream. Success guaranteed or money back.

LEGS TOO!

Keep sun-kissed legs smooth and hair free all through winter with wonderful Veeet.

AT CHEMISTS AND STORES



Keep Regular this natural way

There's a very good reason why NYAL FIGSEN is the "used" laxative. FIGSEN is mild and non-habit-forming. It takes, dissolves, and is thoroughly effective. It acts gently but gently, without pain or griping. It restores normal bowel action. For chemist recommends NYAL FIGSEN Regular 2/3. Double strength 1/3.



15 hairsets for 3/6

QUICKSET WITH CURLYTT
Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.
Get a tube of concentrated Curllytt—squeeze Curllytt into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used.
Get concentrated Curllytt for 3/11 from your chemist or store.
QUICKSET WITH CURLYTT

Terylene—here soon

NEW MAGIC FABRIC

By HAROLD DVORETSKY, of our London staff

In little more than a year's time Australians will be wearing suits, frocks, underclothes, and other accessories made of terylene—a material which cannot be torn, burnt, crushed, or stained with ink, acid, paint, or coffee.

It can be made up into anything from the finest mantles to the heaviest of sporting suits, yet it is as easy to wash as a pair of nylon stockings.

A SUIT, pleated skirt, or any article of clothing made of terylene can be washed with plain soap and water. Cleaning agents used by dry cleaners and laundries will not harm it.

A two-inch strip of terylene can withstand a strain of 200lbs.

British shops are already selling terylene curtain netting, women's underwear and night-dresses, men's underwear, socks, and shirts.

Printed and plain dress materials in production are creases, taffetas, poults, satins, brocades, velvets, and warp knitted fabrics.

A small quantity of men's socks and men's and women's underwear is on sale in Australia, but there is not enough to meet any demand.

The material will not be on the market in quantity until early in 1954, when production will start on a big scale at a new £10,000,000 factory at Wilton, England.

Invented in 1939 by two chemists, R. Whinfield and J. T. Dickson, it has seven outstanding properties.

- It is warm to the touch.
- It has a low stretch in the filament yarn.

- It is crease-resisting and will keep its shape, wet or dry.
- It is very easily washed, is quick drying, and requires no ironing.
- It has great strength and high wearing qualities.
- It is mothproof, mildew-proof, and immune to attack by other insects or bacteria.
- It has exceptional resistance to weather and sunlight, especially behind glass.

The two chemists' first experiment, despite later trials, was the terylene formula of to-day. The war held back its development because, for security reasons, it could not be patented.

The fabric gets its name from the last and first syllables of the raw materials from which it is made—ethylene glycol and terephthalic acid.

It has many of the properties of nylon, but is not chemically related.

The fact that it cannot be burnt easily does not mean it is like asbestos. The material will melt if a naked flame or a very hot element is placed on it—but it must be really hot.

The Americans are also racing to get terylene into large-scale production.

Dupont bought the American rights to the new synthetic from Imperial Chemical Industries. Their small pilot plant is at present producing terylene—they call it dacron—but it will be 1954 before they market it in large quantities.



IT WASHES. This elegant evening gown has been washed in soap and water and just hung to dry. It's made of terylene fabric.

Accidents just don't matter to terylene



PRAGMATIC STRIKES! The boss' secretary accidentally spills a bottle of ink, which flows all over the cuff of his shirt. The shirt fabric is terylene.



SOAP AND WATER. He washes the cuff, and the ink literally falls off. With an ordinary cotton shirt this could not be done easily.



HALF AN HOUR later there's no trace of the ink, and the cuff, wet in the washing, is dry and looks as though ironed. The boss can go out to lunch looking immaculate.

Don't wait
for the hint
use
ODO-RO-NO
daily!



Everyone perspires—yes, even you! Perspiration goes stale, soils and spoils your clothes. The only safe way to avoid offending is to use an effective deodorant... ODO-RO-NO SPRAY.

ODO-RO-NO gives you full 24 hour protection. It checks perspiration, stops odour instantly and no other deodorant is safer for skin and fabrics. For safe, sure protection use ODO-RO-NO Spray in the new flexible bottle. It's so easy to apply.



★ Will not leak. ★ Will not spill.
★ Will not break. ★ It's so economical—gives you hundreds of sprays.

**FOR XMAS—IT MUST BE
Polo HANDKERCHIEFS**



- Polo handkerchiefs are made from finest Egyptian yarns—guaranteed fast colours.
- Polo Handkerchiefs are hygienically packed singly in cellophane—or in attractive gift boxes of three.
- Polo Handkerchiefs are available in both men's and ladies'.
- Polo Handkerchiefs make the ideal gift.

OBTAINABLE AT ALL LEADING STORES
Polo THE CLASSIC HANDKERCHIEF

Polo Handkerchiefs are manufactured by Thomas Heany & Sons Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF A.M.

A.M., Australia's liveliest, most intelligent magazine for men and women, has a great array of topline features in its December issue, now on sale. Eleven articles, five short stories, three picture stories, and A.M.'s regular exclusive departments make a bumper number. One of the most interesting articles describes the very personal methods that are used by Charlie Chaplin when he makes a film. He writes the story, composes the music, acts, directs, produces, and personally shows the actors just what he wants them to do.

A.M. also includes a special 8-page supplement on Australian seashores.

Get your copy of the December A.M. today

JUNGLE FILM STAR, M



WILD-LIFE film producer Armand Denis and his wife, Michaela, who accompanies him on expeditions, have a soft drink with Masai natives near the Denis home in Kenya.



TRIBAL MARKINGS on the cheeks of this woman in the Central Belgian Congo are shaped like lips. The Denis' found her a queenly woman intensely proud of her race. A Denis film, "Savage Splendor," is showing here now.

Snakes and animals are her partners

By SYLVIA CONNICK, staff reporter

Slim, blonde Michaela Denis co-stars with wild animals and snakes in jungle films made by her husband, American producer Armand Denis. Mr. and Mrs. Denis have just spent six months working in Australia and New Guinea.

MRS. DENIS has no Hollywood ambitions, and it is not only wifely devotion which encourages her to accompany Armand on his intrepid expeditions. Daughter of an archaeologist, she was born with the spirit of adventure, which eventually brought her first meeting with her husband. She met him in Bolivia when she

was leading an expedition in search of ceramics and textiles.

Their home in Kenya is between Nairobi and Karen and almost next to Kenya National Park.

The Kikuyu—natives concerned in the Mau Mau uprising—are close at hand, but nearer still are the "good ones," the Masai natives.

"They did kill a district commissioner about four years ago," said Mrs. Denis fully. "But the trouble was about a cow, and cows are sacred to the Masai."

"If the Mau Mau were to continue, my husband



TWO Turkhanya girls in Kenya's Northern Frontier District watch while the hand of a third reaches forward to feel the texture of Michaela Denis' hair. Turkhanya girls shave their heads, and leave only a few strands for decoration. Neck ornaments are family heirlooms.



COPPER ANKLETS are worn by Atongo-Meno women in the Belgian Congo who must walk with the legs close together to avoid falling over. To avoid falling over, women must walk with the legs close together.

Mau Mau neighbors, leopard for pet



WILLING NATIVES carried Michaela and Armand Denis, their parrot, and camera equipment shoulder-high across New Guinea rivers during their recent tour of the Central Highlands. Mrs. Denis doubled for Deborah Kerr in "King Solomon's Mines."

...of himself practising
...throwing in hotel bed-
...before we return home.
"I have no fears. I love
...natives, and I like to think
...have a great affection for

"Messahib, you're not like
...European — you're like a
...being," one told me.
When the Masai natives
...the Denis home they carry
...our topped with a por-
...on of ostrich feathers to
...that the visit is a friendly

The Denis' are now in
...America after spending six
...months photographing wild
...in Australia and New
...Guinea.

Mr. Denis was leader of the
...American Museum of Natural
...History Armand Denis Ex-
...pedition in New Guinea.

With two photographic units
...to work in Australia and an-
...other in New Guinea, he made
...a film of animal, bird, and
...more life.

One of the films will be
...titled "Wheels Across Aus-
...tralia."

He and his wife are now
...editing these films at
...their New York studio. This
...is the only part of her life
...Michaela Denis does not en-
...joy.

"It's much tiring work," she
...said.

"We start about 7.30 each
...morning and seldom stop be-
...fore 10 p.m."

Before going into the
...Central Highlands of New
...Guinea, the Denis' bought a
...supply of "kina," a gold-
...lipped shell which can be
...used as currency or barter
...in the villages of Chimbu and
...Hagen.

Bought by the ton by ad-
...ministrative officers, each
..."kina" will buy about 30/-
...worth of labor or goods.

Courteous natives

ALTHOUGH the Denis'
...found the natives cour-
...teous and hospitable and were
...carried shoulder-high on
...flower-strewn paths into the
...villages, payment by "kina"
...was made for certain privi-
...leges.

"We shot color films of the
...life and courtship habits of
...the various birds of paradise,"
...explained Mrs. Denis.

"As each tree in the forest
...is owned by individual tribes-
...men and the male bird of
...paradise performs his spectac-
...ular dance only on the branch
...of a tree chosen by himself,
...we had to have kina ready to
...pay the owner of the tree on
...which the bird landed.

"The tiring part of it was
...that often, after long waiting,
...the bird would land on a tree
...where the lighting was too
...poor for effective photography.
...We would have to wait until a
...bird landed on a suitable
...tree."

One of the greatest diffi-
...culties was to keep tribesmen
...from hunting and killing the
...bird while it was engrossed in
...its ecstatic dance.

"The plumage is greatly
...prized for headdress," said
...Mrs. Denis.

"I counted as many as
...twelve in one headdress
...alone."

There are more than 60
...species of bird of paradise in
...New Guinea, many of them
...very rare.

In Australia the Denis'
...made films on the Great Bar-
...rier Reef and in the Cape
...York and Gulf of Carpentaria
...country.

Their expeditions have
...taken them through the
...jungles of nine countries.

They particularly enjoyed
...their journey, on foot, into
...the heart of the Ituri forest
...in the Belgian Congo.

"The natives there look very
...much like pictures we have
...seen of ancient Egyptians,"
...said Mrs. Denis.

Certain shells which have a
...high currency value there are
...similar to shells the Denis'
...saw on Australian beaches.

Michaela Denis has no
...fears for her personal safety
...on the trips.

"One soon learns to know
...the people one can trust," she
...said.

Although her main work is
...to "animate" the films, she is
...usually featured in the color
...films.

"My job seems to be to get
...as close to animals and snakes
...as I can and look them sternly
...in the eye to hold their atten-
...tion while the camera does its
...work," she said.

"I don't have to look like
...Rita Hayworth or Ava Gard-
...ner to do that, but I'll admit
...my stern look wavers if they
...show the faintest sign of mov-
...ing towards me.

"Actually, I like all animals.
...Photographing them is easy.
...We just find out the end that
...bites or kicks and photograph
...from the other end."

She is reconciled to "rough-
...ing it."

In the Northern Frontier
...District, north of Kenya,
...where few white people are
...admitted, native boys in their



expedition had to dig for
...water, sometimes to a depth of
...15 men.

"The depth of a well is
...measured by the number of
...men or boys used in a human
...chain to bring the water
...buckets up," said Mrs. Denis.

"The water was like liquid
...mud and had to be boiled for
...ten minutes, then filtered, be-
...fore it was fit for drinking.
...It had to be done thoroughly,
...so we did it ourselves."

Carries soda water

SOMETIMES while on safari
...they are unable to spare
...water for their personal toilet.
...Mrs. Denis resigns herself to
...this, but always carries a
...bottle of soda water to clean
...her teeth.

When their wanderings are
...over, Michaela and Armand
...Denis hope to live permanently
...in their Kenya home, where
...Mrs. Denis has a pet leopard.

"Leopards have more fire
...and vivacity than cheetahs,"
...she said.

"Our pet and our love is
...Swahili, which means leopard."

Swahili let his nerves get
...the better of him one day and
...bit his mistress. The wound
...healed quickly, and she and
...Swahili are the best of friends.

"He had been much-photo-
...graphed that day and was a
...little excited," she said.

"Like a dog, he apologised
...in his own way when he found
...he had bitten the person he
...loved."

SWAHILI, the leopard, and his mistress at the Denis home
...in Kenya. The day this photograph was taken, Swahili, a
...little more excited than usual, bit Mrs. Denis. He has been
...penitent ever since. Friends are caring for him at present.



WITCH DOCTOR in ecstatic dance at a gathering of witch
...doctors in the Belgian Congo. The headdress is goat-skin,
...and the shell ornament has currency value.



SONGO-MENO BOYS, aged 18, who worked with the Denis
...expedition in the Ituri forest, in Belgian Congo. They have
...a marked likeness to the ancient Egyptians.

Clever old Santa!

take a leaf out of his book...



GIVE **Beau Monde**

FULL FASHIONED NYLONS... SILKS... LISLES



Miracle operation restored their sight



WELCOME HOME by Louise (left), Denise, and Brian Millgate for their mother, Mrs. Lillian Millgate, of Bexley, N.S.W., on her return from hospital with her sight restored.

Three happy women can see children's smiles again

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

Some day try to string beans, peel potatoes, and dry the dishes with your eyes shut. Then open your eyes and you will have some idea of the feelings of Mrs. Katherine Cassin, Mrs. Jean Forrest, and Mrs. Lillian Millgate—whose sight has been saved by a new method of corneal grafting.

ALL three women underwent the operation at the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney.

"But for the operation I could certainly have been blind within two years," said Mrs. Millgate when I met her at Bexley, N.S.W., home.

"Because of sandy blight I could hardly see. This time last year there seemed no hope for me. My husband, Merrett, used to thread needles for me, read the papers aloud, and helped the children with their homework."

"I used to practise doing vegetables by touch—I'll show you how I peel an apple with my eyes shut if you like."

When her 11-year-old daughter, Denise, returned from the kitchen with an apple and a knife, Mrs. Millgate, with tight-closed eyes, peeled the apple in a few seconds without cutting the red spiral skin.

"Now," said Mrs. Millgate, "with bright new eyes I see two other children, Elaine (9) and Louise (3). I don't practise that any more. Although things are still faintly blurry, for it's only a week since the bandages came off, I'm able to do the things I've wanted to do for so long—sew a band on a apron and dry my collection of cut glass without thinking 'I'll smash it!'"

Mrs. Millgate, Mrs. Cassin, of Geraldton, Western Australia, and Mrs. Forrest, of Weston, N.S.W., all say that from the patient's point of view there is "nothing" to the operation.

"It's rather like being at a dentist's and having a tooth out," explained Mrs. Cassin, who was staying with her married daughter, Mrs.



MRS. JEAN FORREST

Reg Wright, at Mascot, before returning to the West.

"Injections deadened the pain—and you feel nothing, but are fully conscious. Lying there on the table I could see (with what sight I had) the instruments in the surgeon's hands coming towards my eyes."

"With this sort of operation you aren't sick afterwards, and the only thing I found was that with bandaged eyes the time is apt to drag a bit. For reading is out of the question, and even listening to the radio through earphones isn't advised."

"But the doctor and nurses were wonderful to us—really lovely. I can't thank them enough."

To the surgeon, however, the operation is an important new development. It is known as the "lamellar" corneal graft—from "lamella," meaning thin layer or film of bone or tissue. The operation was perfected by a Frenchman, Louis Pautique, from whom the Sydney surgeon learnt the technique overseas.

The three housewives were

the first to benefit by the operation when he returned.

During the operation the surgeon, using special knives, split the cornea across in a layer, and replaced the diseased tissue with a matching graft from a healthy eye taken from a dead person. The graft takes within nine days, and there are rarely any complications.

The new graft is kept in place by a few stitches, which are removed after nine days.

For cases where the scar does not penetrate the full pigment of the cornea this method seems likely to replace the older "deep penetrating graft," in which the entire cornea is removed.

At the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, the surgeon explained:



FAMILY ALBUM pictures are now clearly seen by Mrs. Katherine Cassin, of Geraldton, Western Australia, who enjoys them with her daughter, Mrs. Reg Wright (left), and granddaughter Pamela.

"Because the supply of healthy dead eyes is limited, patients may have to wait some time before entering hospital. If relatives of a dying person, or that person himself, would only consent to the use of eyes for this operation, many now blind would be able to see."

"In France and many other countries there is a law which states that you may take any part of a dead body if it will help a living human being. Louis Pautique, living in Lyons, has at his disposal all the eyes needed for these operations. Unfortunately I have not."

"Eyes," continued the surgeon, "must be removed within four hours of death and if necessary can be frozen for a period of up to 20 hours in a temperature of four degrees centigrade."

Mrs. Cassin had at least 22 operations before her corneal graft. "Completely blind in one eye, she had only enough sight in the other to tell night from day."

In the period between her discharge from hospital and return to Geraldton, Mrs. Cassin, her daughter, and grandchildren Pamela and Ronald went to Taronga Park Zoo. Mrs. Cassin was as

thrilled as the youngsters.

"I even went to the news-reel," she exclaimed.

Mrs. Cassin is re-reading letters about two new grandchildren—Allen Cassin and Stephen Stribley—born since she left home in December last year. She looks forward to seeing them for Christmas.

Going to the pictures is another pleasure that the housewives will now enjoy. Before their operations they used to go to shows, sitting in the front row of the front stalls, hardly seeing a thing but listening to the sound.

Mrs. Millgate, most volatile of the three, is looking forward to sitting in the back stalls for a change. She and her husband both enjoy racing, whether horses or dogs, but her chief ambition is to get a driver's licence.

"It's too soon yet," she announced, shaking her fair head, "but that's the thing I long to do."

Mrs. Forrest, 37-year-old wife of a Weston mine worker, now has one aim in life.

She stated it with sincerity: "My ambition is to look after my 12-year-old daughter and bring her up well. I feel I have more chance of doing that now I can see."

With vision bequeathed to them from the dead, and the help of modern surgery, these women will have their happiest Christmas for years.

It will be pain-free, and there will be no way of telling that the eyes, looking on the trees and on the presents, were ever in danger of being cut off from the light.



MRS. LILLIAN MILLGATE (left), Mrs. Katherine Cassin, and Mrs. Jean Forrest talk with Sister Elaine Hobbs when convalescent after the lamellar eye-graft operation.



The choicest sunripened lemons, sweetened just right—that's Brooke's "Lemos". A little "Lemos" in a glass—fill with iced water or soda—the result a luscious and satisfying thirst quencher! Make "Lemos" your regular family fruit drink. "Lemos" is economical, too!

Brooke's
Delicious
FRUIT JUICES

include

- "LEMONS"
The real lemon drink
- "HALF and HALF"
A blend of "Oros" and "Lemos"
- LIME JUICE
Choicest West Indies limes
- "OROS"
The real orange drink
- "LEMONS" BARLEY WATER
"Lemos" and barley water
- RASPBERRY VINEGAR
Choicest Australian raspberries

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FISHERMEN ASHORE. Landlubbers for a day, the men cooked lunch at the women's fishing day for members of the Women's Auxiliary of the N.S.W. Amateur Fishermen's Association recently. Here the whole party sits down to open-fire-grilled steak and potatoes.

Women fish while men cook lunch

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

Even the boats had women's names at a fishing day for women only at Berowra Waters, Kuring-gai Chase, near Sydney.

THE women were members of the Women's Auxiliary of the N.S.W. Amateur Fishermen's Association.

For 57 years the association had been exclusively for men, but in June this year the women's branch was formed, with Mrs. Wally Giles, of Vaucluse, as president.

On the fishing day duties were turn-about, and the men, looking longingly at the incoming tide and the familiar grounds off Twin Gums and Rat's Castle, lit fires, cooked, or managed the contestants' boats.

The women, once the fish started to bite, were just as hard to get on shore for lunch as their husbands usually are.

It was after three by the time the men, hungry and worried lest potatoes and steak should be over-cooked, managed to get their wives ashore by hammering on kerosene tins and yelling across the water.

One by one the boats—Carmen, Jill, Julie, Judy, and Olive—pulled in.

Mr. J. Miller supervised the men's activities. Most wore battered fishing hats and the club's badge on the brims.

The badge shows a yellow bream (couchant) on a blue background.

For the day's fishing, in which 14 women took part, Mr. Giles presented two cups for the biggest fish caught. They were won by Mrs. Helen McRobbie and Mrs. Jack Nielsen.

Some of the 14 women present had fished for years, but for others this was the first time.

They were all dead keen, and dressed sensibly in slacks or pedal-pushers, wading

sweaters, and flat-heeled shoes. Most wore close-fitting caps with brims like birds' beaks.

Their equipment was sensible, too, and well organised. They had prepared burley for the bream, moulding small rissoles of pollard, meat-meal, shell grit, and cracked corn.

Mrs. Edwin Ball and others in her boat crammed burley into every pocket. Before casting lines they threw handfuls of it overboard, letting it drift with the tide.

The bream, nibbling their way upstream on this unexpected largesse, eventually found themselves under the boats. Some were then hooked on nylon lines and hooks baited with green prawns.

One pound of burley and two pounds of prawns were allotted to each boat. Most of the burley ended up in the right spot—in the water—but

some thrown excitedly, spattered hair and clothes of other competitors.

Ashore, waiting for her mother, Mrs. Robert Hobbitt, to return for lunch, four-year-old Dianne was discovered chomping medallions on a prawn—certainly the biggest bite of the day.

Women such as Mrs. K. France, Mrs. J. Cornick, and Mrs. W. Millard, all experienced fishermen, had no qualms about baiting hooks or quickly clubbing catch to death.

Nearly all contestants had gear in apple-pie order.

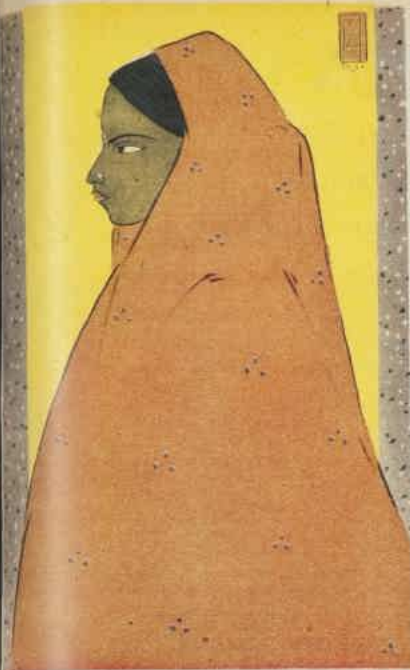
Nylon lines, wound in cylindrical corks, were kept in men's woollen socks to prevent fraying, and hooks were stored in compartmented boxes.

During lunch the fishermen discussed the "ones that got away," and somebody suggested putting some of the smaller fish through a mangle to make them eligible for the prizes.

Even intermittent rain did not spoil the outing. "Rain," said Mrs. Harry Sleep, treasurer, "That doesn't worry us. Not if the fish are biting."



THEY'RE BITING. Mrs. Helen McRobbie and Mrs. Jack Nielsen pull in flathead at the women's fishing excursion at Berowra Waters. Miss Marion Connellan has a flourish.



"PORTRAIT" by Budri Narain in the traditional section of the exhibition has charm and color. Its calm shows the influence of Hindu teachings on Indian art.



"LABORERS," by M. A. Dhavastwalekar, a modern painter who studied at the Slade School, London, shows the blend of Eastern and Western styles popular with Indian artists.



"TO THE TEMPLE," by Surya Prakash, is typical of one aspect of the traditional school. It is graceful and exuberant, with Oriental fullness of design and richness of detail.

Indian Art Exhibition in Australia

Traditional Indian painting, modern work, and a blend of Eastern and Western styles are represented in the 300 paintings by nearly 200 contemporary artists in the Exhibition of Art of India at present touring the capital cities of Australia.

THE exhibition was brought here by two well-known Indian artists, Sukumar Bose and Sushil Sarkar, who have paintings in the collection.

Traditional Indian art, based on Hindu teachings and folklore, comprises one-third of the collection. Its delicate line, blazing color, and

ARTIST Sukumar Bose, who is touring Australia with the Indian Art Exhibition, holds a painting he did of the Swan River, Perth, during his ship's stay in Fremantle.

lavish use of gold make it a fascinating section.

Mr. Bose said that Indian artists were trained to paint in both traditional and contemporary styles.

"Although traditional and folk art are now more popular than modern work in India, artists cannot neglect the present," he said.

"To be constantly looking backwards is to admit defeat. India is more alive to-day than ever before."

Mr. Bose has already painted several landscapes in Perth and Sydney. He considers the Australian scene a wonderful subject.

The red roofs of Sydney have caught the artistic eye of Mr. Sarkar. He has done sketches of the city from the Botanic Gardens and Miller's Point.

When they return home both artists hope to have a showing of the work they do in Australia.

The Exhibition of Art of India, shown in Sydney last month and in Melbourne at the National Art Gallery from December 1 to December 14, goes to Canberra between December 15 and January 14.

On January 15 the collection will be on view in the National Gallery, Adelaide, for two weeks.

The exhibition, which is sponsored by the Government of India and the All India Fine Arts and Crafts Society, was taken to Japan before coming to Australia.

At the end of the Australian tour it will be taken back to New Delhi.

Mr. Sarkar said there were many women painters in India.

"One of the most important artists of this decade was Amrita Shergill," he added. "Although only 24 when she died, she made such an impression that a special room has been dedicated to her work in the New Delhi Art Museum."

One of Amrita Shergill's paintings—a rich self-portrait in oils—is included in this exhibition.



"SRIKRISHNA WITH FLUTE," by Moya Roy, has the decorative patterning and formalised treatment of traditional Indian art.



"DEPARTURE," a watercolor by L. G. Yadav, recalls the work of Australian painter Blamire Young, who greatly admired Eastern art.

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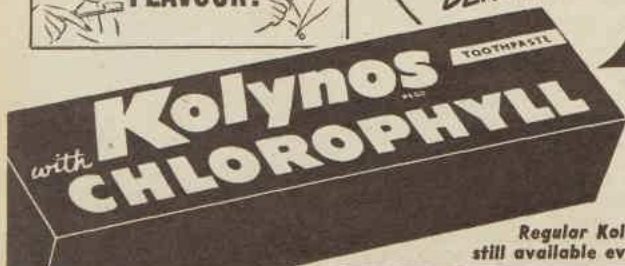
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**MORE
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YOUTH SUMS UP

Conducted by BETTY BEST*

Girls and boys discuss
should they "go steady"?



"GOING steady" is rather hard to define. It doesn't mean an official engagement; it doesn't mean being engaged to be engaged. It actually means refusing to go out with any boy (or girl) but the one you're going steady with; that, as far as other girls and boys are concerned, you're booked.

Betty is 18, a telephonist with a quick, soft voice.

"If you go steady too young you have very little chance of meeting anyone else and you really have to meet a lot of people to make a choice—and you're missing quite a lot of parties and places," she said.

"When you're going steady with a boy you're usually saving up to get a home, and you should have time when you're young to enjoy a lot of things.

"A friend of mine is 18 now and she's been going out with the same boy for four years. They've been going steady all that time and she's never been out with another boy since she met this one.

"Of course she went out with boys before that.

"He can't marry yet because he's still studying and he hasn't got much money to take her out. So she just waits around for him.

"He's a very nice boy and they do like one another and she's never wanted to go out with anyone else but it seems that she has never been anywhere much.

"Still," Betty added, "she doesn't miss anything because she has never been out with anyone else."

Betty herself is not going steady. "Not if I can get out of it," she said. "I'm not getting married for a long time. I think a girl should have her 21st birthday before thinking of marrying.

"And I want to travel and see something of the world and go out without having to think of someone else and be free of ties before I settle down."

She added, "It's such a pity. All the boys I meet who would make wonderful husbands are all so terribly dull."

Sheila is 17 and a solicitor's secretary. She believes in seeing both sides of every question.

She said, "Going steady may be quite all right for some people. It all depends on how old you are mentally, I think. Some girls are still at the giggly stage at 18.

"Personally, I think it's better to play the field until you get into your 20's, then you get a chance to meet all types of people.

"But if young people want to go steady one thing they must do is trust one another. If they don't they'll both be unhappy."

Bob is 19 and has just come back from a trip to Europe.

"A man likes to feel that he's popular and can take out any girl he wants to. It's an idea he gets from movies, and books, and general life—and talking to other blokes.

"When he's very young, say 16, it might help him to go steady because he can't yet walk into a place and get into conversation with a girl like an older bloke.

"He's not so confident, so it's easier to go steady for a few years, and then he's always got someone to go out with.

"But later on he feels more sophisticated if he has several girlfriends. It's good for his ego."

Jim carries his idea a bit further. He is 18, an undergrad, and obviously happy-go-lucky and wants to stay that way for a while.

"Going steady is an excellent thing if you can do it with live in more at the same time," said Jim. "As long as they don't find out, of course. To get away with it you must live in a big city and have a good deal of money. It's fine if it works, but, really, you feel pretty awful and a bit small if it doesn't."

John is 17, a bank clerk, and takes the practical view. "I'm going steady, although

I've been doing it for only about six months up to date.

"My girl-friend and I decided to spend all our spare time together almost as soon as we met. I can't remember who suggested it now, but anyway we agreed straight away.

"We have a lot of things in common, like sailing and barbecues, and we're both crazy about music and dancing, so we're always too busy to get bored with each other.

"Of course, we often have arguments about where we want to go or what movies we like best—but we get over most of them before we go out.

"The way I see it it makes you both more comfortable. I can ring my girl at the last minute and ask her to go out and she doesn't feel a bit hurt. And she can ask me to take her to a dance or something without either of us feeling embarrassed.

"And another thing. She thinks about my pocket and doesn't expect taxis and can every time you take her out.

"You've got to think of those things at the age."

* In the absence of Kay Melann, who is on holidays.

NEXT TIME YOU ARRANGE A BLIND DATE

A BLIND date can be a nightmare unless you, the arranger, are adult and conscientious in the way you go about it.

● Make it a double date arranged ahead of time for something you know the blind-daters will enjoy.

● Keep it a foursome. Don't just introduce them, then go off and leave them to flounder.

● Pick someone whom your girl-friend or boy-friend will like. This doesn't mean a boy or girl you have an eye on for yourself.

● Don't build up the blind-daters to one another too much beforehand. If you do they'll inevitably be disappointed.

"PADAM, PADAM" was

composed some ten years ago by Norbert Glanzberg, but it remained without words until Edith Piaf, famous Parisian chanteuse, hummed the tune to Henri Cotet, beginning "padam, padam," a phrase descriptive of a heartbeat. Thus the title was found, and Cotet set about devising words. Vera Lynn sings it on Y6420 in a bold Piaf style with English lyrics. She backs it with a sentimental number called "Yours," once again assisted by her "Auf Wiederseh'n" military choir. Both titles should smartly make the hit parades.

DISC DIGEST

"DON'T Take Your Love

From Me," pleads Johnnie Ray on DO3535. He sounds so curiously intimate that you'll be devastated—if you like him! The flipover is "Give Me Time," and that's just what I'd want a lot of before I could enjoy this extraordinary vocalists.

HARRY GROVE TRIO'S

version of "Meet Mr. Callaghan" (Y6421) appears to be the original on which all the others are based. The trio

does a grand job with this fascinating little tune. Reverse is that luscious Ingrid Bergman theme "Ingrid's Mezzo." It usually reminds me of over-ripe fruit, but the trio does it well and avoids the squishiness.

WITH MGM467 David

Rose's Orchestra continues its series of glow presentations of Gershwin tunes. It brackets "Love Is Here To Stay" with "Somebody Loves Me," two of Gershwin's most delightful tunes, and well deserves a permanent place in your collection.—BERNARD FLETCHER.

The sweetest way to say "HAPPY CHRISTMAS!"



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"Old Gold" Chocolates — in the
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'Old
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addition to the kiddies' Christmas stockings.



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gift box — this beautiful, big 2-lb. box of "Old
Gold" Chocolate Assortment is a gift you
know will be enjoyed!



Perhaps that "someone" prefers milk chocolate.
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smoothest milk chocolate of all.



The favourite of many — Mac. Robertson's
Scorched Almonds. The finest quality choco-
late-coated scorched almonds — a perfect
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CORONATION CONTEST

Holidays offer opportunity to complete your entry

The coming holiday period offers the ideal opportunity to write your entry for our Coronation Contest, which closes on January 16. Judging is going on continuously.

WE expect such a rush over Christmas and the New Year that special arrangements are being made to keep abreast of the bumper mail.

Once more this week we award extra £10 progress prizes. The winning entries are published below and on the opposite page.

The Queen comes to tea

If the Queen and her children were coming to tea I would think first of the guests I would invite.

I would prefer to have no representative of an official body present and I would like one of my guests to be near the Queen in age.

For this reason I would choose a friend of mine still in her 20's.

She is a Bachelor of Science

and an expert on native flowers and grasses. Her holidays are usually spent as far away from civilisation as she can get in the time, and I think her free, unfettered existence and her naturalness would appeal to the Queen.

My second guest would be my mother. I would choose her because she is a charming and amusing person and because her quiet poise would ensure a comfortable atmosphere free from panicky pauses and sudden shy gaps in the conversation.

The third guest would be a small boy of six called Robin. His ambition at the moment is to become a soldier so that he can have a military funeral, an odd decision that would probably be approved by Prince Charles, who seems to be military minded and enjoys all things ceremonial.

Robin has two rabbits—a grey chinchilla called Benjamin and a white angora called Angelica—and as Charles, too,

is a rabbit-fancier this would be an additional bond.

The food for my tea-party would be very simple. Thinly cut brown bread and butter; freshly made scones and raspberry jam; madeira cake; chocolate cake; a sponge filled with cream from the house cow; and sweet mulberries from the garden; animal biscuits and milk for the children or cold fruit drinks.

I would have tea set in the drawing-room, which would remain unchanged, except that I would have more flowers than usual—a bowl of blue love-in-the-mist on the tea-table, because it would match the blue sprigs on my white china, and roses for the rest of the room. Dark red ones look well with the white walls and blue carpet.

I have a doll's house put away upstairs that I would bring down. It is elaborately furnished and children love playing with it. For Princess Anne I would bring out a toy apricot-colored rabbit.

It is well kitted and battered and its whiskers have been tied in knots that won't come undone, but it retains its appeal, and many small children have left our house in floods of tears because they couldn't take it with them.

£10 to SHEILA M. BOX, 471 Meurants Lane, Parklea, N.S.W.

Imaginary conversation

Elizabeth I: Pray attribute my present dishevelment to the devilries of the necromancers, the physicists. They make the ethereal waves a whirligig!

Elizabeth II: O, Monte Bello, I suppose!

Elizabeth I: And I had thought to know the meaning of topsyturvydom! 'S blood! But I'm told a Queen of England may no longer swear. (Furiously.) Who stays her?

Elizabeth II: Well, you see, it's considered—

Elizabeth I: I swore. I spat I struck with my fist when angry. But... (her tone alters to patronage) I was Harry's daughter!

Elizabeth II (with a marked access of spirit): I, too, am proud of a noble father, madam. There can be strength in gentleness. Why, Henry the Eighth was a—

Elizabeth I: A monster! He had my mother killed when I was two and a half and wore special clothes to celebrate the day. But he was kingly!

Elizabeth II: As you will. Opinions differ. (She is cool.)

Elizabeth I: I should never have been content with the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit!

Elizabeth II: Nevertheless, I have a high authority for seeking that.

Elizabeth I: For ill or otherwise I see that much is changed. I'll warrant there's been no change in some mat-

ters, however. That horrid sycophants, abusers of power, the varlets and traitors the press about the sovereign, they're always with us.

Elizabeth II (smiling): It's hardly as bad as that, you know. All the same, (she guardsly) there are more difficult people.

Elizabeth I: 'Tis said that in this new age of our name the prince must nurse the viper for discretion's sake. Is't so? Politicians and poets are all?

Elizabeth II: They're important. Everything becomes so atrociously public nowadays. So much, too, is mis- construed. I suppose it is true that we must overlook a good deal that private person might take umbrage at.

Elizabeth I (laughing loudly): There sounds no "heretic laughter"—as our brother of Spain, Philip of accursed memory, was wont to call it.

Elizabeth II (adroitly seizing her opportunity): Oh, isn't it? We've both heard Philip a name to conjure by—for different reasons. Yours, an implacable and murderous enemy; mine, my best and dearest husband.

Elizabeth I: Husband! Can the monarch of so great a realm submit to a husband?

Elizabeth II: Amor vincit omnia.

Elizabeth I (in one of her famous rages): Quote me and your dog Latin, mistress.

Elizabeth II: It's true, whether I say "Love conquers all" in Latin or English.

Elizabeth I (unexpectedly overcome): It is true, and 'twas never a secret, but I rated princes as being above the common emotions (All at once confidential and intimate.) Don't send him to the block, where I sent all my—

Elizabeth II: What an appalling ideal! Philip! The father of my children!

Elizabeth I: Children! There's the rub. For all my care of it I left the crown of England to our unkindly cousin of Scotland. What a son I might have had!

Elizabeth II (coolly): My children mean considerably more to me as children than at the potential heirs.

Elizabeth I (bitingly): Another conception of the age. Children were regarded as liabilities or pawns in my England.

Elizabeth II (with disgust): How barbarous!

Elizabeth I (proudly): We were considered the foremost nation of Europe for gentleness and breeding then.

Elizabeth II: I don't think we are considered less now. But we have an added grace if we love our children.

Elizabeth I: There's a mettlesomeness in their that belies the outward softness. We have quarrelled—and I had come but to offer my felicitations and good wishes for the Coronation ceremonies. I am, in truth, unpardonably moved by the news of the accession of another Elizabeth to the throne of our fathers.

Elizabeth II: You are generous—and understanding. Sometimes I am terribly afraid. But I am dedicated. I cannot look back.

£10 to Mrs. ISABELLE McLENNAN, Bolton St., Eltham, Vic.

How to enter

Choose ANY ONE of the following three subjects, then write your entry about it. You may be as brief as you like, but do not write more than 500 words.

YOU may send as many entries as you like, but each must have attached its own correctly signed coupon warranting that the submission is your original work. Entries bearing non-de-plumes will not be eligible.

1. Describe the most wonderful day in your life. There is one specially wonderful day in everybody's life. Tell us about yours—as simply and as naturally as you can. You don't need to have any special talent as a writer. Sincerity and naturalness are what count.

2. Tell us how you would entertain the Queen if she and her two children came informally for afternoon tea. Give the recipes for the food you would serve and say what three guests you would invite, and why. Say what preparations you would make, describe the appearance of the room or garden in which you would entertain the Queen, and say how you would serve the afternoon tea. The recipes you attach do not count in the 500 words allowed.

Your guests may be family, friends, or prominent Australians.

3. Write an imaginary conversation between Elizabeth the First and Elizabeth the Second.

You may choose any topic you like to be discussed between the Elizabeth who reigned nearly 350 years ago and the present Queen. Keep in mind the character of the two Queens and let each speak for herself.

Address your entries "Coronation Contest," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box No. 5252, G.P.O., Sydney. Write on one side of the paper only. Put your name and address in block letters at the top of each page.

Copyright in all entries shall belong to Consolidated Press Ltd. Entries will not be returned. They will be destroyed after the contest ends.

Prizes will be awarded in accordance with the judges' views of the relative merits of the entries received. No correspondence will be entered into regarding the judges' decisions.

Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and its subsidiary companies are not eligible to enter the contest. Nor are their husbands, wives, parents, children, brothers, or sisters.

The contest closes on January 16, 1953.

CORONATION CONTEST

December 17, 1952. Attach one coupon to each entry.

I warrant that the accompanying entry is my own original work. I accept the conditions of entry and agree that the judges' decision will be final.

SIGNATURE
Mr., Mrs., or Miss
ADDRESS
State



THE QUEEN, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, at the opening of Parliament last month. Our Coronation Contest winner will see many such occasions of grandeur.

More "wonderful days"

My happiest day occurred about two years ago. I had just spent three years in hospital receiving after-care through polio. Completely paralysed from the waist down, doctors had told me that I wouldn't walk again. One day Maïron told me that as nothing more could be done for me I was to go home.

HAD I been going home to a family of brothers and sisters ready to assist me, I may have been overjoyed.

But I knew that instead of returning to an elderly mother, herself partly paralysed through two strokes, and who had lost the use of one hand and one leg.

Now she was to have thrust upon her a helpless, bedridden daughter. The day the ambulance pulled in home, my mother cried with joy.

"It will be lovely having someone in the house again," she said bravely.

I smiled, too, but had many doubts wondering how we would manage. I had been paralysed on hand and foot in hospital, and the first two days were like a nightmare, because I couldn't get the attention I had become accustomed to, that was a mere child, but because I had been so helplessly in bed while a poor old lady who should have been waited on herself struggled valiantly to care for somebody else.

I hated mealtimes because I was so heart-breaking to see Mum bending down pushing my tray arduously along the floor from kitchen to bedroom, and all I could do was lie there and fume at my own inability to help.

Then a public organisation donated a small wheelchair with removable sides, which permitted the invalid to get in and out more easily.

I took three willing neighbours to get me in and out of bed that first day, but I stayed in my chair long after I was too tired to sit up, just for the joy of being able to wheel myself to the table for dinner.

I spent all next day trying to get out of the chair by myself.

When night came I was tired but happy, for I had got in and out three times.

I do everything now, sweep, cook, make my bed, garden, from my chair. Indeed, I

must, for my dear mother died last year.

I have lots of friends who cheer me, and I make felt toys in my spare time, so I do not feel unhappy, but I do think that that day when I mastered the art of getting in and out of my wheelchair was the happiest day of my life.

£10 to Miss E. S. COLEMAN, 102 9th Ave., Maylands, W.A.

AIRMAN SON

EARLY morning breakfast at Hotel Port Moresby. Then for a walk. What a walk, and what a day! Strolling down Port Road on my way to the native village of Hanuabada I met a gentleman who was going to the mission to preach.

I took some photographs of native children and some scenes. Afterwards I made my

way to the mission. Arriving there, I heard the children singing beautifully in their own native language, which I could not understand. I quietly walked into the hall and was beckoned to a seat.

A little native girl gave me her hymn book. I couldn't understand it, but I held it closely to let her see I appreciated her thought. All eyes seemed to be upon me and I felt slightly nervous.

The gentleman I had met earlier was on the platform and he spoke in native language. All I could understand was "Australian . . . airman . . . crash . . . 1942."

You see, I was up in Port Moresby for sentimental reasons. My son was buried there.

The preacher then led his congregation in prayer for those fallen during the war. What an honor for our war dead. I bowed my head and tears came into my eyes to

think I was so far away from home yet the natives were praying for my dead son.

After the service all the young people left, but the old men of the village stayed back to shake my hand and bow to me.

I felt like a queen . . . £10 to Mrs. A. I. LY-MATH, 140 Sydney Rd., Granville, N.S.W.

APPRECIATION

I THINK the most wonderful day in all the years of my married life happened recently.

I had been to the local church bazaar with Noel and Maurice, the younger two of my three sons. Not feeling too well, I decided, after making some purchases from various stalls, to come home leaving the two boys to come later.

On arriving home to find the rest of the family out, I decided to lie down and have a rest. Having nothing on hand to read I just closed my eyes and began to think what a miserable lot the average housewife of to-day has.

Carrying heavy parcels from the butchers, grocers, coping with high prices on limited incomes, trying to keep peace with three rowdy, growing boys, I wondered if it was worth it all.

I was still in this deep reverie when the old familiar call sounded at the back door.

"Mum, where are you? Look what I have bought for you!"

In came Noel (aged 10 years) with his arms laden with flowers, spinach, and a little glass dish in his hand.

When I saw the expression of eager anticipation on his little face. And his words . . .

"Mum, I spent the money you gave me to buy the spinach and the glass dish for you, and one of the ladies at the bazaar let me have some flowers that were left over."

The tears came to my eyes, for that moment I knew that it was one of the biggest compensations of the struggle to rear a family to know I was appreciated and thought of, even though it was only a simple bunch of flowers and spinach, and a small glass dish.

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THREE PRIZES of £100 for the best entry in each of the three sections other than the entries winning the four major prizes.

THREE PRIZES of a Philips portable radio, each valued at £36/15/-, for the second best entry in each of the three sections.

PROGRESS AWARDS of £10 for entries published during the contest. 25 consolation prizes of £5 each.



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they all want

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Fit Tailored in the exclusive Arrow MITOGA design, Dart is shaped to conform to a man's shape. The shoulders, sleeves and sides taper to follow the contours of the body—hence give maximum body comfort.



Exact Sleeve Lengths For the first time throughout Australia, Arrow brings the feature men—and wives have been waiting for... various sleeve lengths! Dart offers a selection of sleeve lengths for each neck size.



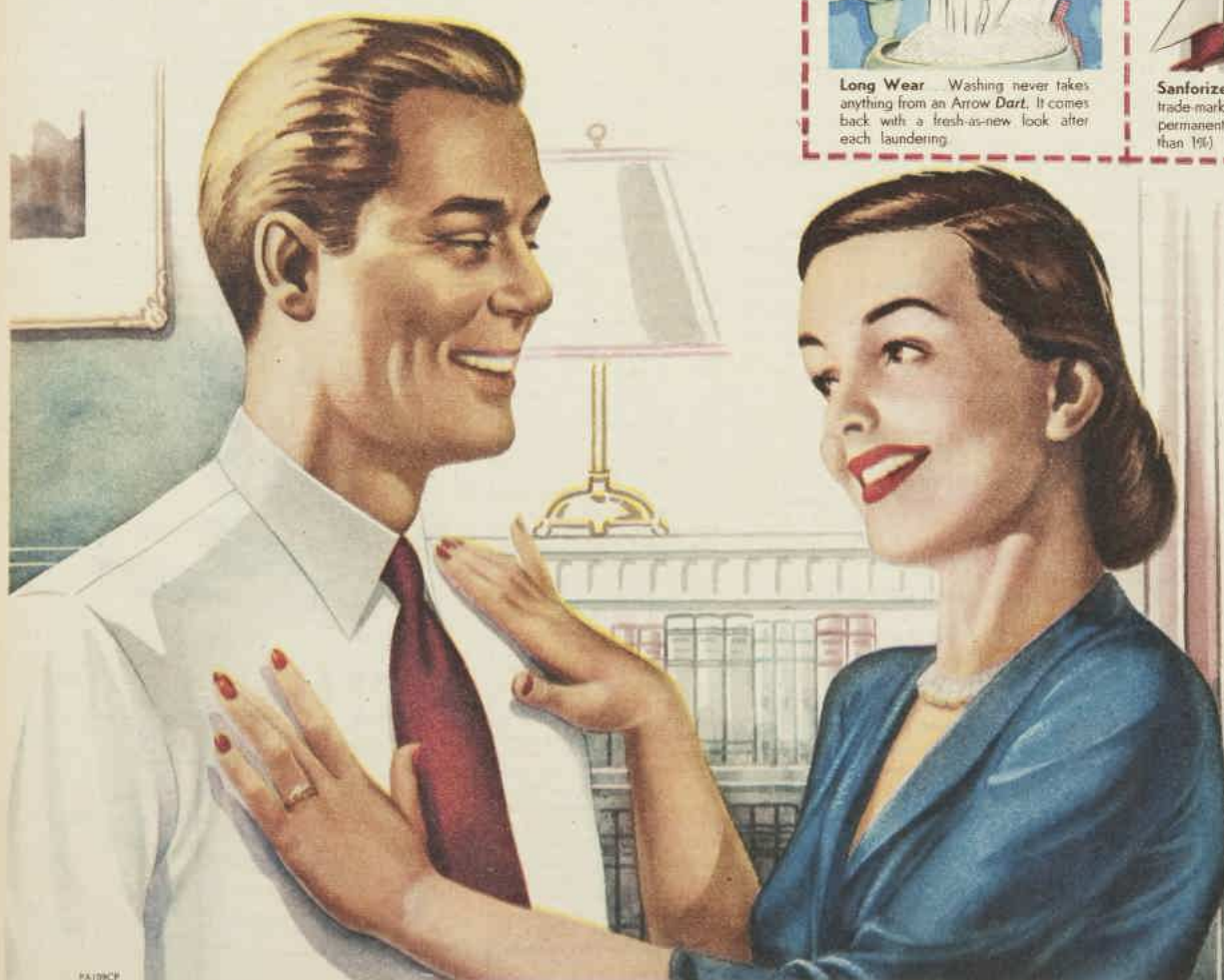
Easy to Iron Wives know how some shirt fabrics pull and snag under the iron. Not so with Arrows! Dart is made of smoothly woven fabric that irons up like satin and the seams are tailor-stitched to resist puckering.



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WEDDING GROUP. Selwyn Ravenscroft, of Mosman, and his bride, formerly Beverley Horton Browne, of "Werruna," Young, with Lloyd Ravenscroft, Selwyn's sister, Frances, and pageboys Tommy (left) and Tiggy Page at All Saints' Woolahra.



LOU PARTY. Diana Berkman, Margaret and Judy Pointing, Gordon Stewart, and Diana Field at the party for Lady Doverdale and her husband, Major Rowatt, who are on a three weeks' visit to Sydney from Nassau, given by Lady Doverdale's cousin, Mrs. Jack Field.



BARBECUE. Max Jackson carves a sheep for the president of the Crippled Childrens Society Younger Set, Beverley Grant, and Betty Clark at their barbecue at Chinaman's Reach.



WED AT YOUNG. Peter Robertson, only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Robertson, of "Barwang," Young, and his bride, formerly Elizabeth Burtinshaw, of Grenfell, after their wedding at St. John's, Young.

Social Gattings

LOTS of Sydney people will make the great trek to Adelaide by car, ship, and plane for the Davis Cup on December 29, 30, and 31.

It will be carnival time for everyone but the few who provide the tennis thrills. Intensive training bans entertainment for them. Ken McGregor's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce McGregor, and his brother-in-law and sister, Clem and Betty Elson, are looking forward to seeing him play. "Though I don't suppose we will see much of him personally," said Mrs. McGregor.

About 200 well-knowns of the tennis world, including presidents of State tennis associations and their wives, have been invited by the Lawn Tennis Association of Australia and the South Australian L.T.A. to a buffet dinner at Mount Osmond Country Club on December 29, after the first day's play. The Davis Cup Ball will be held at the Palais Royal, Adelaide, on December 27.

AMONG those to motor over will be Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cassidy and Mrs. Cassidy's brother, Mr. Rex Waterhouse, of Boggabri. They have a cottage about four miles from Adelaide. Alison Hoskins and her brother, Philip, of Wollongong, will fly over on December 27 to stay with Mrs. C. C. Hayward, of Medindie. Mr. and Mrs. Bill Moses, of "Gunnible," Gunnedah, and their two children, Billie and Margaret, will stay at the Walter Kidman's beach house at The Grange, Adelaide.



AT SINGLETON. John Gilder, of "Garden Reach," Muswellbrook, and his bride, formerly Judith Stacy, of "Myallie," Singleton, leave All Saints', Singleton.



HAPPY COUPLE. Leon Garry, of "Mylora," Binalong, and his bride, formerly Beulah Millington, of "Brundah," Binalong, leave St. Patrick's Church, Binalong, after their wedding.



LONDON WEDDING. Viscount Melgund, elder son of the Earl of Minto, with his bride, formerly Lady Caroline Child-Filliers, daughter of Earl of Jersey, and of Mrs. Robin Filmer-Wilson, formerly Miss Patricia Richards, of Cootamundra.



BALL AT GLENBROOK. Mrs. Wally Elliott (left) with Wing-Commander W. D. Hodgkinson, who is stationed at H.M.A.S. Albion, Nowra, and Mrs. Hodgkinson at the ball at the Officers' Mess, Glenbrook, given by officers of Eastern Area Headquarters.

A SUIT of clotted-cream lightweight wool was worn by Mrs. Bill Scott Fell when she and her husband flew to Hayman Island for their honeymoon after their marriage at St. Martin's Church, Killara. Mrs. Scott Fell was formerly Mrs. Barry Blundell, widow of Major J. B. Blundell. She bought the suit in America during her recent six months' world tour. After their honeymoon, the couple will move into a house at Bellevue Hill.

TACKLING her first Christmas dinner-party is Mrs. John Minter, who will have her sister, Mrs. Tony Chisholm, and her husband, of "Napperby," Alice Springs, and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Marsland, of Vaucluse, among her guests on Christmas Day. The Minters have hitherto gone to John's parents, the Clifford Minters, next door, at Rose Bay. The Chisholms will stay with Mr. and Mrs. Minter until the end of January. It is their first visit to Sydney since their marriage in November last year. Judy is already in Sydney, and Tony will arrive in Sydney on December 20.

BUSY with plans for their Christmas party on December 15 are Winsome Denning, of Walgett, Margaret Giddings, of Dubbo and "Walkare," Narramine, Jill Oliver, of "Wanstrow," Woodstock, and Pat Greenaway, of Dover Heights. The four girls, with their parents, will entertain 130 young city and country friends at the Pickwick Club.

"THEY'RE almost like a travelling circus," Mrs. W. J. Hicks told me when she spoke of the luggage her daughter, Zoe, and her husband, Dr. Alan Fraser, would be bringing back when they arrive in Sydney shortly in the Coptic. They were married in Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1950, and will be bringing back a car as well as all their household "effects."

BRIEFLY . . . Peter Ledlin, of Quirindi, celebrated his 21st birthday at the Celebrity at a party given for 25 guests by his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Ledlin.

Anne

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You must meet RED

By **IRENE O. BLACK**

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

ANN was waiting at the corner of Russell and Collins Streets when I saw her.

She looked just the same as when I had known her at school. Only lovelier! And she had always been the prettiest girl in the school. So it wasn't so very surprising that she should have stepped across the threshold of matrimony while I was still pondering a career.

"Darling!" she exclaimed, with her familiar over-enthusiasm, touching my wrist lightly with her gloved fingers. I was aware of a beautiful, heart-shaped face haloed by pink waves and filmy veiling before I actually recognised Ann.

"It's . . . it's Ann Gadson!" She laughed, her grey eyes lighting. "You know me, of course! I haven't changed much. Unless, being married . . ."

"You're married?" "Certainly, darling!" Her laugh was a thrill. I knew her marriage was a love-match.

"And you?"

I felt suddenly dowdy beside her in my casual attire. I should wear a hat. Something pink and fluffy and flattering with a lightweight woollen suit to match, instead of rough tweed skirts and loose-fitting jackets. My hair . . . I was conscious of my hair-style for the first time in my life.

"You haven't changed a bit, you know," Ann was telling me.

She was speaking the truth. I was still a gauche schoolgirl compared with this veritable model. I blushed.

"You're not married yet?" she persisted, as young brides will, in their new superiority. I wore no wedding ring, so she didn't wait for me to answer. "But, you've got a . . . a friend, of course!"

I shook my head. "Not a one!"

I tried to sound nonchalant, as though it had never worried me particularly that any young men I had met, so far, had paired up with other girls, or had displayed a mild interest in me, only to be promptly relegated to my category of "drip."

Secretly, that was my reason for deciding to become an air-hostess. I wanted to escape from the old crowd. They bored me. No doubt, I bored them, too.

"An air-hostess?" I guessed that Ann was genuinely delighted; if only because she was relieved to discover a subject of mutual interest.

Up till this our conversation had been at the exploratory stage, showing every indication of drawing a blank. Yet we had been good friends at school, Ann and I.

"Yes, the life appeals to me." My words were convincing, although I was trembling at my decision. I had never been a good mixer. But I knew I needed such experience to develop that latent part of my character. And I refused to succumb

to the temptation of slinking back into the groove I was forming.

"You'll like it, all right! Why, it's a wonderful life! If it hadn't been for Red . . . Red's my husband. He's a pilot . . ."

I stopped her from rushing ahead too fast. "You were an air-hostess?"

"Of course!" Ann seemed rather fond of that exclamation, as though everything she did was to be expected; went unchallenged.

I was interested.

"Tell me about it, Ann!"

But Ann, pausing for breath, only wanted to talk about Red now. Red was perfect. Red hadn't wanted to get married for years and years. That is, until Ann had stepped lightly into his cabin and upset his coffee all over his uniform.

"He swore at me!" Ann confided almost proudly. "He said a terrible word. But when he looked up and really noticed me he just couldn't apologise enough. He's funny, you know, is Red. He makes us all laugh. And, after that, he kept pestering me for weeks to forgive him. But I pretended to be offended. Then he said: 'Look, Ann, darling, I've done everything but lay myself at your feet. Would you forgive me if I even did that?'"

"Meaning?" I asked, as though I didn't understand.

"Meaning I'll even offer to keep you in food and clothes for life. Meaning I'll even give up my perfect existence as an unmolested bachelor. Meaning . . ."

"Meaning that you want me to marry you?"

Ann was breathless now. Flushed. She made me feel she had forgotten my very existence; except that I comprised her audience. "What did you reply?" I asked with genuine interest.

Ann's face softened. "I told him that I'd consider it, because I believed he deserved such a fate. I told him I couldn't fry a sausage or keep my own room tidy, much less a whole flat. But I told him that I wasn't certain that I deserved to suffer alongside him."

I didn't wish to be rude, but I had a dental appointment in five minutes. Ann would ramble on about that man of hers for hours, if permitted. She saw me glance at my watch.

"But you're in a hurry? I don't know what's keeping Red. He should have been here ten minutes ago. I was hoping you'd be able to meet him."

"Yes, I'd like to meet this Red of yours," I compromised, tucking my bag deliberately under my arm with the obvious intention of moving off. "But, still . . ."

"Then you shall meet him. I insist!" Ann was fumbling in her triangle-shaped black handbag.

"Here's my card. Red got these printed for me, just for fun. So I might as well use them. That's our



"You're spending a lot of time in the kitchen for a guest, aren't you, child?" he demanded.

address. We're having a housewarming next Saturday night. If you're not there early I'll be very hurt, darling. Because"—her eyes were appealing—"we were wonderful friends at school, weren't we?"

I agreed vehemently.

"Then you'll come?"

"Of course!" I grinned. I was saying it now.

Suddenly the scene had faded. Ann, in her pink straw hat, was just a vivid memory, and I was listening to the dental nurse murmuring placatingly: "Doctor Smith will be with you in a moment!"

What had I done? I had actually promised Ann I'd go to her wretched party. Me, who loathed anything in any form of social activity. I'd die of fright among all those strangers. And Red—this husband of hers—he terrified me most of all. I think, already, I loathed the man.

I didn't notice the drilling, although the dentist apologised for

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A.M., Australia's liveliest, most intelligent magazine for men and women, has a great array of top-line features in its December issue, now on sale. Eleven articles, five short stories, three picture stories, and A.M.'s regular, exclusive departments make a bumper number. There is also a special 8-page supplement on Australian seashores. Get your copy of the December A.M. today.

Continuing

having hurt me a little. I was back at home before the sweat cooled on my brow.

"I met a girl from school," I told my mother. "I promised to go to her party next Saturday night. You know my sentiments about parties."

Mother was sympathetic but inexorable. "You'll enjoy yourself, darling. Young women always feel timorous about mixing with strangers until . . . until they meet The Someone. Then it's just great fun. You'll find out."

I sighed heavily. "And until they find The Someone they've got to endure tortures. All that ever happens to me at parties is to be left in a corner and forgotten."

"Then you've only yourself to blame. If men don't find you interesting it's because you haven't tried to interest them. You titivate yourself up a bit and see if it doesn't work magic."

"Yes, I think I'll definitely do something with my hair. Ann had such a pretty style," I ruminated.

I decided it was less of a situation to be first at the party than last because it obliterated the necessity of walking self-consciously through a room filled with strange eyes. I could explain that I had come early to lend a hand.

How right I was. When I arrived at Ann's flat I found my hostess in a dither plus a very attractive negligee. She had her lovely blonde hair tied up in a floral silk scarf. She almost threw her arms around my neck.

"Oh, darling! Thank goodness it's you! They've gone and given Red a trip to-night, of all nights. He couldn't possibly get out of it. They do that sort of thing, you know; just as soon as they hear you're having a party. And I'm running late with everything. I don't know which way to turn next. Those sandwiches . . . I was replying on Red to . . ."

"I'll fix them!" I was glad to do something to help. Besides, my job kept me from the public gaze until I had recovered courage to face them. And Red . . . Secretly, I was glad about Red's trip. I didn't wish to meet him.

"And Red . . . ? He'll miss the party? It's a shame!" I tried to sympathise.

You Must Meet Red

Ann was working miracles with her hair with a few deft sweeps of her tortoise-shell brush. "Oh, he won't miss all of the party, I hope. He'll be in for a late supper, he said."

My knees felt weak. I couldn't understand why I felt less disposed to meeting Red than any other living creature.

In my imagination, he was a massive, hard-faced creature with flaming-red hair and a square, relentless jaw. He would be cruel if taunted. His softness, which belonged only to Ann, would not reveal itself to others. Later, perhaps, not even to her.

"He'll be a monster," I persuaded myself. "Ann will live to rue the day that she spilt."

SOLVING SEA MYSTERIES

WHEN you're walking on the seashore, have children ever raced up to you with a shell or a sea creature and asked what it is?

The area between high and low tides is just about the world's most thickly populated area, but, because surf, sun, rolling boulders, and hungry enemies make life so tough, the creatures that live there hide and camouflage themselves pretty effectively.

In A.M. for December, now on sale, there is a seven-page holiday feature which will help you to answer the children's queries about marine life and add to your own enjoyment of a day at the beach.

his coffee all over his uniform . . .

"A penny for your thoughts, darling!" Ann asked.

Fortunately for me the doorbell chimed just then. Ann disappeared with a happy little flutter. I didn't need to tell her my thoughts. Or, rather, the lie I'd have invented instead. I smiled as I continued with my sandwich-cutting. Ann was in her element, to-night. I envied her.

The guests continued to arrive. Just when I was sure the flat wouldn't hold another, in came a fresh carload of laughing, carefree folk.

My head was spinning. Ann did the introductions with a graceful ease. I acknowledged them all, knowing I would never remember one name, later. They were all a whirlwind sea of half-familiar faces. Frequently, hands reached up to take the savory I offered them. Cocktail glasses uttered their bird-like, crystal clinks. "Have a sherry, darling?" Ann winked at me. "You've no idea how a sherry breaks down reserve."

I drank the deep amber liquid slowly, grateful for the warmth with which it imbued me. I wasn't afraid of people any longer . . . not quite so afraid.

Just the same, I was glad for the respite when Ann realised we were running short of sandwiches.

"I'll fix some," I volunteered over-avidly.

Ann didn't hide the disappointment in her eyes. But she said nothing. And the impatient way she glanced at her tiny, gold wrist-watch indicated that she expected Red to arrive soon.

The kitchen was cool in comparison with the warm lounge-room. My cheeks were hot and I perched wearily on the three-legged stool while I cut bread.

What a racket they all made, I mused. A stranger would find it hard to conceive that such meaningless commotion could be created by human beings.

I was deep in thought when the back door opened and a deep voice said: "What a cag-full of monkeys!"

I turned in surprise to find him there, red hair awry and his cap in the throes of being spun across the room on to a chair. He looked quite handsome in his dark uniform with its gold wings blazoned across his breast. He was speaking to me as though he had known me always; as though he and I were the only sane two in the entire flat.

"Gosh, what a row!" he repeated, helping himself to a sandwich and munching thoughtfully. Then he tossed the half-eaten sandwich aside in disgust. "Will a man ever get something decent to eat? Sandwiches and coffee. Coffee and sandwiches. I'm half-starved."

I wasn't certain whether he was referring to the meals on



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THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

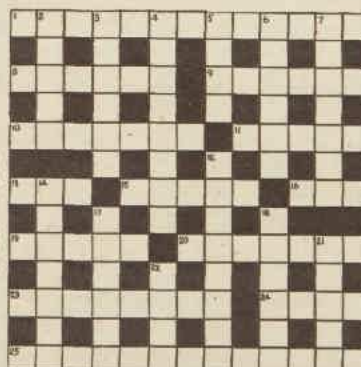
- It can make a good dish but is an awkward state of affairs if it is pretty (1, 6, 2, 4).
- Looks as a dispute in a pub but it's a grave-mound (6).
- Last month in a Sydney suburb (6).
- Begetting a queen in large (7).
- Reigning beauty of any place even in France (5).
- In the kitchen but can be the summit if it turns (3).

- Slide does it when your motor is running but the car does not (3).
- Anger from the land of Dublin (3).
- Hits the coppers' rounds (5).
- A rent between one hundred and fifty in of the middle point (7).
- Glad oil and I bring flowers (8).
- A Chinese guide with nothing before and as much after make a butcher's (4).
- Hasty, made plot (snapper, 3, 2, 3, 4).

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HOTEL RESERVE

Solution to last week's crossword.

Solution will be published next week.



ACROSS

- Boogie which ranks under a queen (5).
- Dirr or very hot (6).
- Don's wall (snapper, 8).
- Composition made of soup (4).
- Parent (6).
- Embroidery with abundant centre and usually on the wall (7).
- High temperature always in fish (8).
- Extend beyond and above fold (7).
- I between a two-headed button and nothing in a working room (6).
- Saunter in sanctified small loaf (6).
- In or a Greek poet who travelled on a dolphin's back (5).
- Sound a horn from every side (4).



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the plane, or whether he was trying to feign dissatisfaction with his wife's cooking.

"Anyway, she warned you!" I teased, remembering Ann's remarks to his marriage-proposal.

He raised one eyebrow as though he ought to understand my meaning, but didn't. Then he looked me directly in the eyes for the first time.

"You're one of Ann's friends, eh?" he queried.

Just then, Ann arrived with a tray of empty glasses. She stopped dead when she saw him there, her eyes bright with excitement. "Oh, darling, you made it!" She tucked her arm through his and gave him an impulsive little squeeze, then raised her lips for his kiss.

"Rather too casual!" was my summing up. The affection is all Ann's way, I presumed. Poor Ann.

Then he was whirled away from me into his "monkey-cage."

Later on he came to find me. "You're spending a heck of a lot of time in the kitchen for a guest, aren't you, child?" He demanded. "Here, let Ann do a bit of work. Won't hurt the lazy little blighter. You come on in with me. It's not nearly such a racket when you're part of it."

He took my arm deliberately. Somehow, he wasn't anything like the picture I had conjured up of him. He was different. Very different. And he didn't scare me. Not in the way I had imagined. But he scared me, just the same. He scared me because I could well understand why Ann had decided to marry him without much argument.

Continuing . . . You Must Meet Red

I think he must have guessed I hadn't been enjoying myself particularly until then, because he took me under his wing and scarcely left my side for a single instant. I remembered my mother's words: "Once you've met The Someone you're not shy any more. Parties are just fun."

I escaped him at last and found my handbag on the bed amid so many others. It looked a poor, dejected little bag to-night. It looked like I felt right now. I combed my hair slowly before the long, gleaming mirror. It was a beautiful room, this. And so typical of Ann. Satins and laces and delicate mushroom shades. Somehow, I couldn't associate Red with this room . . . couldn't associate him with Ann either.

I wandered back to the crowded, smoke-filled room and Red was instantly by my side, urging me to drink just one more sherry. But I was adamant. I had noticed Ann's eyes upon me once or twice . . . on both of us. It was time I made my exit gracefully.

"You don't mind if I leave, do you, Ann?" I begged. "I'm not used to parties. I tire quickly."

Ann looked disappointed. "Just when I thought you were beginning to enjoy yourself! Must you go?"

I blushed. My pleasure had been too obvious, then. "I'm sorry, but I must. I . . ."

She looked a little bewildered, as though she felt it her duty to offer me an escort home, yet afraid to suggest her husband.

"Don't worry!" I interceded.

"I'm an old hand at finding my way about alone."

She smiled. "You'll get even more used to it when you're a hostess," she teased.

I felt my cheek muscles stiffen. I refrained from explaining that I had changed my mind about that, now. I would go into my father's office, after all.

She took me to the door. Red was close behind me.

"I'll drive you home, kiddo. Hang on a tick! I'll . . ."

"No!" I gasped out. Then, more politely: "No thanks, really! I'd rather not take you away from your friends, Red. I . . ."

HE pushed his way past Ann, almost knocking the glass from her hand. "What nonsense!" he said. Ann's expression was hard to define. She puzzled me.

"It's not much of a car, but it goes . . . sometimes," he half-apologised as the night air did its best to cool my flushed cheeks. I huddled nervously in my corner, watching the sharp angle of his jaw in silhouette. It was a determined jaw.

"You don't want me to drive you home?" he queried casually, without facing me.

"No!" I was quite frank, regardless of his feelings.

He was silent a moment. "But I wanted to. I'm selfish. I just take what I want."

He seemed proud of his trait.

"What does Ann think of that attitude?" I taunted.

His brow corrugated. "If you weren't Ann's friend, I'd

say that it mattered little what she thinks. She's a nice enough kid, I suppose. I thought she was pretty cute, at first. But now . . ."

I was shocked. "Now?"

He sighed. "She's too peaches and cream, if you get what I mean. Nothing to her. But," he turned the car off the main highway towards the river, where the willows dipped down to the road.

"We get along quite nicely for the time we spend together. No hard feelings. I doubt if she realises how I feel about her. She's so dumb!"

I was horrified. When he stopped the car under the willow tree and tried to take me in his arms, I felt he had reached his limit. This was where he had been heading from the moment we met. And I wouldn't tolerate . . .

But his kiss left me weak. I was ashamed of myself now. In my anger, I felt my fingers stinging from their impact with his cheek-bone.

He swore. I remembered about Ann and the spilt coffee. "I'll wash home from here," I said flatly.

He barred my way. "I'll drive you. Don't be afraid. I won't kiss you again." Somehow, I knew he meant it.

He let me out at my front gate. "Good-night!" he said crisply.

"Good-night, Red!" I replied curtly, turning away.

"Just a minute! Why did you call me that?" His voice was curious.

I turned. "Because . . . Well, it's your name, isn't it?"

Beauty in brief:

BRIGHTER HAIR

By CAROLYN EARLE

- If you are a brunette, a quarter of a cup of vinegar in the last rinsing water will leave your locks soft and fluffy after a home shampoo.

BLONDES may use either strained lemon juice or a camomile rinse to keep curls looking colorful.

If you have fair hair, the chances are you have tried lemon juice, and nothing happened. In this event it is almost certain you didn't use enough lemon.

You will need the strained juice of at least two lemons to do the job. Be sure you strain the juice so there will be no particles to cling to your hair. Put the juice in the next-to-last rinsing water.

A prepared camomile rinse will also bring up a suspected color in light brown hair.

A small amount of French bluing dissolved in the final rinsing water gives a platinum tone to grey hair.

A henna rinse is designed to step-up auburn hair tonings, but it is better to stay away from henna in home shampooing unless you have natural reddish glints in your hair to begin with.

He nodded. "It's what a lot of people call me. But not Ann's friends, as a rule. Ann has kind of monopolised the name, lately, for Bill. I'm Keith, by the way. I don't think she mentioned it. Keith Redston. I just wondered . . ."

"Then you . . . But Ann's husband is a pilot. She told me . . ."

"So are a lot of other blokes. Red and I are brothers, in case you're still confused. We have similar tastes in most things. That is, except with women. It's a pity you didn't wait to meet my brother. Ann was disappointed that you didn't wait. She adores him."

I felt numb.

Keith was laughing now. He extended a hand and drew me back into the car. "Ann made me promise to come to her party because she was sure I'd like you. I do!"

"And I like you; now you're not married to Ann," I breathed.

"Thank my lucky stars! And now let us find that willow again. I don't think I finished that kiss," he teased.

I helped him close the car door and his hands felt warm as they brushed mine. I had a feeling that all parties were going to be fun from now on.

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HP174

The Magnificent Thief

BY GEOFFREY
HOUSEHOLD

It was not in the nature of the Bagai to weep. Their training, like that of the district commissioner now standing by the loaded lorry which was to take him from them to the coast, forbade the expression of emotion in public.

Dark eyes stared over the deep breathing line of the giraffe-hide shields. The district commissioner stared back without a word.

To a stranger it would have seemed that the Bagai were parting with their most hated enemy, for he would have known nothing of the long councils, the swearings of blood brotherhood, the agony of old men who had come, alone in the night, perished for their people's future in a changing world, as children whose father should be compelled, without hope of return, to leave them.

Overhead the clouds wallowed lazily up from the Indian Ocean, rolling westward through the grey morning like a herd of leisurely Bagai cattle towards the Bagai hills.

The faint, deep lowing of thunder echoed from the edge of the escarpment where the spears of sun pierced through a screen of straight-falling rain.

To north and south the clouds were spreading into the heart of Africa without shedding any of their burden upon farms of white men and parched clearings of black. It was the copper-colored Bagai who had all the luck.

The warriors, their backs towards their country and the long-needed rain, paid no heed to this good fortune. At such a crisis in the little nation's life, pasture and crops were irrelevant. Grief—collective, overwhelming grief—obsessed them.

Yet their only gesture of farewell was the silent stare, answered, and for the same Spartan reasons, by the lonely man standing at the side of his lorry.

They had no royal salute with which to send Mark Lee-Armour on his way, for they had no kings. No slaying of men or cattle could appease their sorrow, for they had no tradition of sacrifice.

The two officials, one of state and one of church, who accompanied Lee-Armour effaced themselves from the scene so far as dignity permitted.

One was the new district commissioner of the Bagai; the other was the archdeacon of the Sultanates who had been on tour through the diocese and was seizing the opportunity of Lee-Armour's departure to travel down with him to the coast.

The vigil of grief ended, sharply and by almost telepathic consent, between Mark Lee-Armour and his Bagai. He climbed into the loaded lorry and drove off.

The new district commissioner, after a few halting words of promise and sympathy to the Bagai, mounted his pony and rode away. The archdeacon's black and gaudy

driver followed the lorry, playing hosannas on his horn.

The warriors themselves stood still, eyes raised to the mist of dust that hung, until it merged with the westward-flowing clouds, above the narrow road of rammed mud.

The archdeacon watched the swaying, uncompromising back of the lorry and envied this departing district commissioner his life of devoted service to the neighbor.

It was the life for which he himself, with half his being, had longed as a young man. The other half, however, had demanded from him a still higher service. Africa had happily integrated the two.

He was of the caste of the colonial officials, of their dress—at any rate when on tour—and even of their build, but unlike these younger sons of empire, he had no material need to make a career in Africa.

Even the missionaries had to admit that a man of his fortune and family who had chosen a droughty diocese of three million square miles rather than the fat lawns of an English cathedral close could not be wholly worldly.

They were also glad—and glad the archdeacon, too—that his cheque-book was as wide open as any apostle's moneybag.

He had looked forward to the journey. To pass three days and nights in sole company with great-

ness would be a memorable experience. Yet when the sun had gone down and the scrub thorn around the camp was black lace against a crimson sky, the confiding dusk was full of disappointment.

Lee-Armour never came out of the shadows. In a physical sense, as well, that was true. He followed as any shy animal the pattern and contours of darkness, and after supper—an unrevealing interlude—while they sat and smoked by the fire, his face was always half obscured by the straight column of smoke or caught at evasive angles by any sudden spurt of flame.

The archdeacon assumed that the cause of his reserve was just unhappiness. He knew that Lee-Armour's heart was still on the Bagai plateau, and would remain there, perhaps for years, until some other helpless people won his second and calmer love.

For three long days of travel and camp there was no getting close to the man. His courtesy, his solicitude for his companion's comfort were beyond reproach, but he himself seemed to be writhing in some abyss which he did not dare to have others contemplate or to contemplate himself.

Only once did he show any emotion, and that was when the archdeacon referred to the religion of the Bagai.

"Little and uncomplicated," said Lee-Armour. "They believe in a sort of collective soul of the people and another collective soul of the cattle. All the rest they leave to professionals."

"Their priests?"

"A family group of witch doctors—if one can call them priests."

"One can," the archdeacon answered cheerfully. "Clergy is clergy the whole world over. Provided always that what they serve is the best they can imagine."

"Who knows what they serve?" Lee-Armour exclaimed with sudden bitterness.

"That is just what I meant," said the archdeacon.

When the journey down to the sea was done and Mark Lee-Armour had gone to his hotel—that, too, was odd when here were a dozen officials in the capital, including the governor himself, who would have been delighted to put him up—the archdeacon unlocked his three-room bungalow and spent the night awake and upon his knees.

Such was his custom and pleasure on return from the soul-deadening administration problems of a tour. The archdeacon of the Sultanates had much to occupy the long hours of self-questioning, for he knew what was said of him—that he was discouraging to missionaries; that he was a politician, that he cared more



"I'm sorry about this morning," began the archdeacon, "I realise that I shouldn't have been there."

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Continuing . . . **The Magnificent Thiel**

for his few powerful white rams than for his uncounted flock of black sheep.

He admitted that the accusations were true, and hoped that the motives ascribed to him were wrong. He was not a snob, but certainly he was convinced that no missionary, if it came to the mere measurement of good work, could surpass the utter devotion and Christian selflessness of such administrators as Lee-Armour, and that it was through them he should work.

He arose refreshed, weary only in body, and at breakfast turned to his timetable of work and engagements. With the toast and marmalade came a message from the governor begging him to drop in as soon as possible for a private chat.

Governor and archdeacon, as they sat side by side in easy chairs at a significant distance from the official desk, seemed to form the nucleus of a club.

They were of the same physical structure, though sedentary life had diverted their bodies, once hard and lean, in two opposite directions.

The dark-haired governor was very thin and tall; the archdeacon was smoother and rounder, as if decorously to fill out the apron which he never wore.

He had not avoided those worries which contracted the stomach of the governor; he merely placed them in the hands of higher authority than the Colonial Secretary.

"Toby," said the governor, "you travelled down with Mark Lee-Armour. What's wrong with him?"

"I don't know," the archdeacon answered. "I wish I did."

"Then look at that and tell me what you think," the governor appealed, handing him a letter.

It was an urgent private note from Lee-Armour's successor. It told the governor that the accounts of the Bagai Agricultural Development Fund were twelve hundred pounds short when Lee-Armour handed over, that he had quite calmly admitted the deficit, and had been unwilling to explain why there were neither vouchers nor receipts.

The new commissioner had written unofficially to the governor in the hope that the loss could be adjusted or hushed up before any official cognizance had to be taken of it.

"It can't be true!" the governor exclaimed, exasperated by the certainty that it was.

"He was moved unexpectedly?" Archdeacon Toby asked.

"Yes. They've got a high commissioner for him when he gets home, and he had only a few weeks' notice. That's the shocking part of it. It looks as if he'd been caught short with his fingers in the kitty and didn't have time to pay the money back. But I can't believe it. Lee-Armour of all people!"

The district commissioner's reticence during the journey was now explained.

The archdeacon remembered, too, that when he had watched Lee-Armour saying good-bye to his successor, there had been a tension between them.

"This letter was in the mail he carried down himself?"

"Yes, of course it was," the governor answered testily.

"That's a pretty good tribute to him from his successor."

"Tribute? What does a chap like Lee-Armour want with tribute from any of us? What on earth am I to do, Toby? And with this thing hanging over us, I've got to make a speech at his farewell banquet to-night. And he and I both knowing that the very next day I may have to refuse him permission to leave!"

"He has always played a very lone hand," the archdeacon suggested thoughtfully. "Well, what of it? What else could he do?"

It was true that for eight years Lee-Armour had surrendered his life, his thoughts, his pleasures, and the society of his own kind to the welfare of the Bagai.

He spoke not only the Bagai language but the private dialects of the family groups, which were almost separate languages in themselves.

They were not everybody's meat, those cattle-owning warriors who drank cow's blood as a staple diet and shed human whenever they were reasonably sure they wouldn't be caught.

But those who loved them said they were the only free men left in the world. They looked free.

They had an engaging habit of painting golden armor on their deep copper skins, and they plastered their hair to resemble the graceful head-dress of their far-distant Egyptian ancestors.

They still lived a little before the dawn of history. Their cattle and their women shared, as necessary companions, this idleness of paradise.

"And I never heard of a missionary making a single worthwhile convert among 'em," said the governor aggressively.

"The Bagai will give us none or all," Archdeacon Toby answered. "And I may live to see the day when we have all."

"What? Those bloodthirsty savages?" snorted the governor.

Lee-Armour's task had been to begin civilisation, while preserving the flavor of the Golden Age. The Bagai knew very well that if you dug the land and planted seeds you could live on the results. But nothing had ever induced them to try the experiment.

They despised agriculture.

That was the tribe whom Lee-Armour must persuade to till the soil. It had to be done. The Bagai plateau was overstocked with cattle and there was no more land available.

The main reason for Lee-Armour's success was his discovery that, although the Bagai would be ashamed to grow food and eat it, there was an absence of tradition against growing food to sell it.

This discovery, simple enough once stated, demanded three years of patience in mud huts, of standing to a lion's charge with shield and spear, of visits, interested and respectful, to that hill where the hereditary witch doctors preserved, but seldom, even to the old men, expounded, the beliefs and practices of their ancestors.

The result was the much-photographed marketing on the border of the Bagai country. Caravans of government lorries, loaded with sacks of wheat and maize, rolled down from the plateau with chosen warriors sitting on top.

The drivers were black, for the Bagai had a truly aristocratic attitude towards engines.

A gentleman did not make such things himself; he employed a chauffeur. No doubt a gentleman boggle over paid. He decided it—and remained for a week, if necessary, actually polishing his spear until it was received.

Rather than argue, the Bagai had been known in many days to order drivers and boggles back to the highlands. In later harvests, however, Lee-Armour learned to promote the stern marketing board that the fair price to ask was exactly that which the government intended to pay.

The crops were rich and regular. As the Bagai were starting from scratch, with no bad habits of their own, they did what the agricultural experts told them. And they had the most amazing luck—beyond their luck, the governor said.

Their experimental estates were not as yet very extensive, but the rains never paused over in the spring; and if there were storms when the corn was in ear, they broke consistently on the cattle lands beyond the borders of the Bagai.

"What makes me so wild?" said the governor. "I think I have to bust a saint like Lee-Armour for mislaid rather than hundred pounds. What on earth did he need it for? What made him take such a risk?"

"Better ask him."

"Of course I'm going to ask him," the governor fretted. "And I want you here."

"Not I," said Archdeacon Toby.

"You must. I'm not going to expose Lee-Armour even to my own A.D.C. I won't have anyone official in on this yet. But there it is—I don't know what I'm going to run into. He may be mad. I may find myself compounding a felony. Then ought to be a witness."

"He'll resent it."

"He won't. He knows as much about this job of mine as I do. He'll realise at once why you are here, and he'll ignore you with the utmost good manners."

The governor resumed his official chair. The archdeacon effaced himself as far as possible in the hot dusk of the shuttered room. He saved for Lee-Armour's sake rather than for the governor's. That amiable and worried bureaucrat wasn't at his best in any situation of human delicacy, and an audience might stimulate him into his most intelligent behaviour.

It did. When the district commissioner came round from the hotel where he had hidden himself, it was as a great, very great, administrator who had saved the Bagai from despair and his country from a hateful punitive expedition that the governor greeted him.

Lee-Armour accepted the archdeacon's presence with a tense, charming smile that made the other's heart clench with pity for him.

It was a smile which acknowledged the governor's limitations and welcomed the intruder not as a mere necessary evil but as an obvious first choice. After that he gave his undivided attention to his superior.

Mark Lee-Armour was very much the standard colonial official—sandy, wiry, wily, and his clean-shaven face burned Arab-brown, but his eyes, in a sense, were blue.

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Continuing... The Magnificent Thief

met the governor's own without effort; and, when they looked, they looked straight into the soul; but they would wander off, proudly and impassively, like the eyes of an animal.

This uncertainty of glance, giving an impression that there were far more important realities than the present interview, disturbed the archdeacon until he remembered that this was the bored, leonine look of the Bagai warriors themselves.

"Do you feel up to all this to-night, Mark?" the governor asked.

"Yes, sir—if you don't expect me to make much of a speech. I've lost the habit."

"Just tell us stories about the Bagai," suggested the governor.

For ten minutes they talked the shop of their devoted trade, occasionally throwing a courteous ball to the archdeacon. Then the governor, his hollow cheeks flushing, came awkwardly to the point.

"Mark, when you handed over, were your accounts in order? Balance, you know, and all that? Your successor has dropped me a note—"

"He is quite right," Lee-Armour interrupted.

"But—but didn't you give him any explanation?"

"None. I have none."

"But what did you spend it on?"

"I'd rather not say, sir, if you don't mind."

And again the glance flickered off.

"But you—you, Mark! Look here, you know you're booked for a high commissionership?"

"I heard it," he answered without much interest. "They would take me away for something like that."

The governor was justifiably annoyed. If ambition were slighted, what was the incentive for a career? Remembering the archdeacon's presence, he pulled himself up.

"Can you repay the money? Here and now, before the matter goes any further?"

"No, sir."

"But, man, you must have saved something in the last eight years!"

"Nothing. The funds were never quite enough for what I wanted to do. You know."

The governor did. There were always expenses that seemed essential to the man on the spot and yet could never be justified to any government auditor.

"Wire home for it. I'll risk doing nothing for a couple of

days. There must be some way of raising the money."

"No, sir. No rich relatives," Lee-Armour replied with a shade of irony. "Believe me, I've tried everything already."

"Then you realise there will have to be an inquiry?"

"I realise to the full that there is a criminal charge hanging over me."

It was with the coldest inhumanity towards himself that Lee-Armour pronounced the words—words that the governor had tried hard to keep in the back of his mind lest he, too, should pronounce them. And the man's self-discipline was so absolute that his voice was not even bitter.

"Mark," begged the governor, shocked into complete unselfconsciousness, "there must be a receipt of some sort. There must be some perfectly

accounts of the diocese and his own incompetent arithmetic, said that considering all the money which had passed through Lee-Armour's hands for seeds, tools, granaries, lorries, and roads, it was a marvel to him that twelve hundred pounds could be traced at all.

"You can trace twopenny," the governor snapped.

And so you could. Yet the system was so complicated that he had come up before against accounts that wouldn't balance—especially the accounts of queer, devoted fish like Lee-Armour, who, with one half of his mind, must be thinking in terms of cattle and tribal custom.

The eyes tortured by sun glare, the obsessions, the strain not only of doing justice by day but of explaining why it was justice—all those could so unbalance a man that he would scream at the inhuman rulings of a ledger.

"We're all worked out, beyond sanity," the governor cried. "Do you realise what we're doing? Do you realise? It isn't any longer to make the black man white. It's to give him a culture that in two generations shall be more satisfying than our own. And we have all got quite ordinary brains! We aren't gods!"

"There are other auditors who know it," said the archdeacon.

"Oh, yes," answered the governor, missing the over-pious comfort in his agitation. "Some of them can be helpful when they like."

And he reminded the archdeacon of a case like Lee-Armour's, where the grim accountants had immediately broken down in smiles at the simplicity of the book-keeping mistake which had wrecked for

months the peace of mind of a first-rate man who imagined he had spent the money when he hadn't.

The archdeacon did not see what he thought. It was Lee-Armour's pride which bothered him, his awareness that he was wrecking his career for the sake of the Bagai.

There had been no book-keeping mistake. Lee-Armour was a man to take routine accounting in his stride. And even if there had been a mistake, his successor, coming straight from leave, with a fresh mind, would have spotted it. However, there was no point in depriving the governor of the grain of comfort he had found for himself.

"I'm sure that for to-night, at any rate," said Archdeacon Toby, "we should assume this is a case where the accountants would only smile."

The farewell dinner was in the hotel garden. Darkness was hot as day, but an illusion of coolness, satisfying as coolness itself, was created by the plashing of a fountain, the smell of wet earth and night-flowering shrubs, the ice in the wine buckets, the white uniforms of servants, and of the guests who numbered themselves among Lee-Armour's friends.

They should more truly have been called acquaintances. His intimate friends were scattered among the provinces that bordered the Bagai country—one of them to perhaps fifty thousand square miles.

For Lee-Armour's sake the archdeacon was glad; it would be easier for him to keep up pretences in the presence of people who were either attaching themselves to his legend or eagerly following the star that was going to rise to the zenith of the Colonial Office.

Archdeacon Toby, in the intervals of talking arch-

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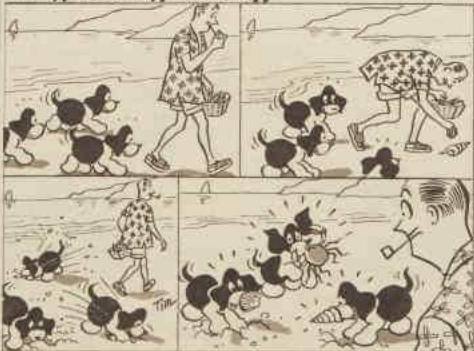
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diaconally to the ardent churchwomen placed to right and left of him, watched the group at the head of the horse-shoe table.

Lee-Armour, sitting between the governor and his wife, was impassive, playing with perfect good manners the easy part of strong, silent man. The governor, too, seemed to be acting without effort.

Such a party was, of course, routine for him once it had begun, once he had fairly accustomed himself to entertaining and praising the man whom, the very next day, he must order to remain in the colony while his accounts were investigated. He had presided over so much false and real geniality that, when he rose to speak, the right words came to him. Indeed, it was the warmest little after-dinner speech that Archdeacon Toby had ever heard the governor deliver.

Mark Lee-Armour rose to reply. Platitudes, interesting platitudes—what a governor he would make!—until suddenly a moving sincerity quickened his voice.

The archdeacon knew that he was listening to his swan song, to words that Lee-Armour intended to be remembered after the truth had come out.

"Honor; that, I think, is the common bond. It doesn't matter how primitive a people are; they still have some conception of honor. I remember—you all have these memories—one of my Bagai warriors. He killed an Arab trader. I gave him five years. That's the death sentence, of course; they

don't last in prison more than one. He took it like a man. You see, to his way of thinking he had done the honorable thing. He told me so.

"And this sentence," I answered, "is for the honor of my king."

"Then, my lord," he said in that casual tone of an eighteenth-century aristocrat they can put on, "we both suffer for the welfare of my people, for both are ants crushed between the Bagai and your king."

Lee-Armour sat down amid an uproarious rattle of applause. Nobody except archdeacon and governor perceived any special point in the story, but it was enough that Lee-Armour had told it and that the party was going well.

The women had seen to it that there was dancing after the dinner. Groups splitting up between the hotel bar, the dance floor, and the gardens allowed Archdeacon Toby to withdraw unnoticed.

He had no intention of going home, for he knew very well where his duty lay, and hoped that Providence would give him an opportunity to perform it.

Lurking in the shadows—meditating, he preferred to call it—he kept a careful eye upon the garden bar where Lee-Armour drifted along the edge of a little crowd, avoiding confinement in its centre. He was certain that the man longed to be alone and that his mood would now be of deep melancholy.

Lee-Armour would not en-

dure much longer the bitter irony of his farewell dinner; on the other hand, he would not yet retire—since that would be churlish—to his hotel bedroom.

Archdeacon Toby told himself that he had no intention of thrusting his society upon private loneliness or—certainly not!—of spying upon it. Yet, when he saw Lee-Armour slip away from the bar and vanish into the jungle of tropical shrubs which bordered the garden, he followed.

Beyond the garden the shadow of Lee-Armour moved among the moon shadows of a line of silent palms. And then indeed was Archdeacon Toby guilty of all that hypocrisy with which the missionaries reproached him. With his hands behind his back and an air of pious abstraction, he, too, began to pace among the palms.

He had already passed the lonely figure and wished it good night when he pretended to recognise who it was.

"I am so very sorry about this morning," he said. "I shouldn't have been there."

"I was glad it was you," Lee-Armour answered frankly. "I suppose H.E. had to have somebody, and it was decent of him not to call in anyone official as yet."

"He's inclined to think now that you made a mistake in the accounts," said the archdeacon.

Lee-Armour's low voice was angry, in the exasperation of

a man who was never afraid to face facts with the proneness of his opposite type to self-deception.

"But didn't I make it clear? Didn't I make it clear that I never did anything more deliberate in my life?"

"You made it crystal-clear."

"It was a deliberate payment when I knew that I was going! The best I could do for my people—for both my peoples. The Bagai must not despair. I won't have police and shooting after I've gone."

"I don't want to intrude," said the archdeacon, "but if it would do you any good to tell a neutral—"

"It would do me good. I'm wondering if I'm mad, if I have or haven't gone native. Do you people still observe the seal of the confessional?"

"Doubtfully," answered the archdeacon, "like so much. Perhaps it would be more honest if at this hour and place I offered you my word of honor."

"Look here—I gave that money to a witch doctor. I don't know what he serves. I doubt if he knows himself. But it is not our God."

"There is no other," Archdeacon Toby replied. "The First Commandment is, for our days, rather oddly worded. 'Thou shalt have no other gods' should be 'There are no other gods.' What did you want God to do for the witch doctor?"

"To make the rain fall when it was needed. To prevent the rain falling when it was not."

"Twelve hundred pounds seems a lot," the archdeacon heard himself saying, as he tried to order his thoughts into an act of divine worship and human understanding.

"No. The bargain was for as long as he should live. He was to do nothing else. And he has expenses, and no cattle like the rest of them."

"He can do it?"

"He always has in the past. Look at the statistics."

"That was what they called beginner's luck."

"Yes. Luck. A little tilting of the balances. I don't know how they do it. But it's no good telling me—or most of us out here—that they can't."

"If I told you that they couldn't, I should be unworthy of priesthood," the archdeacon answered gently, knowing himself to be on the solid ground of theology.

"They have powers we have not got."

"We have all the powers that they have. But to use them, that demands, I fear, a simplicity which only our saints can attain."

To him, as a deeply read churchman, every religion—of the past or of primitive present—had its value in so far as it foreshadowed the mysteries of the faith. He believed with all his heart that those truths which man had feebly tried to utter through myth and magic were finally formulated by God in Christianity.

Thus the prayers of the church for rain and for de-

livery from tempest were the divinely established ritual, but not the only possible ritual.

"I thought you would be the last person to approach," said Lee-Armour wonderingly.

"I did not say I approached," the archdeacon replied. "That I believed. Dear me, I have been in Africa long enough to know that sometimes, very rarely, men are given control over rain and over animals. I myself am so made that I have never doubted that God shot the tooth of the lions for Daniel in the den. Nevertheless, one's faith is firmer when one has seen—as I have seen—the tribal priest shut the mouth of the crocodiles at the bathing pool."

"Yes," said Lee-Armour. "I've heard of that. It's quite safe to swim when he has given the word."

"I found it so."

"Then you at least will understand that I am paying a small price for my Bagai."

"The price was twelve hundred pounds," Archdeacon Toby answered, smiling. "Not a big cheque for me to draw. I think, for rain and peace. And for my own peace, too. Shall we go back to the hotel?"

"I want to tell the governor that there has been a mistake, a very subtle mistake, and that the money has been debited to the right account."

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Christmas Diary

A short story by MONICA EWER

DECEMBER 16: This year I am going to be sensible. My mind is quite made up and nothing—repeat nothing—will alter it. Of course the others think I haven't got a mind, but they're wrong. Henry calls me his "favorite mental lightweight," and the children keep saying to people "You mustn't mind Mummie," as if I were a half-wit, but this year I'm going to surprise them all.

It was Henry himself who said it last January—when the bills came in—he said this Christmas business is just a racket. And Henry is clever and the kind of person who knows.

And it isn't as if the children were all children. Jimmie is nearly seventeen and pretends that he's a man and Brenda is fifteen and is always arguing me not to be old-fashioned and sloppy. And after all, what could be more old-fashioned than keeping Christmas and hanging up stockings and generally behaving as if Mr. Charles Dickens might call at any moment?

No. This year we'll all make a pact. No one is to give anyone anything and we'll behave as if Walt Disney invented Santa Claus and that it's one of those American customs that haven't reached us yet. I shall even write to Aunt Min and tell her our plan. Then perhaps I'll escape one of her knitted cardigans. Last year mine was puce and when I gave it to Mrs. Slater she didn't seem a bit grateful.

As usual the carol singers have started early. I sent them out some red orange-juice and a shilling, but not because of Christmas. I did it because I like songs.

December 17:

The children didn't seem too pleased about the pact. Brenda said: "But, Mummie, I've been working you something for ages and ages"—I know it's an awful bit of tapestry. And I thought I heard Jimmie say that it was a soppy idea. I'd forgotten that he'd hoped that Henry would give him a watch—but it's ridiculous to call it a soppy idea. It's—it's anti-soppy. It's absolutely up to date and hardheaded.

And Henry said, "Yes, dear," in that way he has when you don't know whether he has really heard what you are saying. Sometimes I think that if I told him we were having an elephant to dinner he would say "Yes, dear," just like that.

Even Mrs. Slater didn't seem pleased. I told her that I wasn't buying a turkey this year and she looked more than ever like a thunder cloud. You'd think she'd be grateful that I'm saving her a lot of work. I told her we'd just have the usual sort of dinner on Christmas Day and she looked as if I'd asked her to make Crepes Suzette.

December 18:

First of the Christmas cards. From Angela Browning. Resolutions or no resolutions I shall have to send her one, because she's the kind of silly woman who takes offence.

When I was out to-day I saw just the sort of little evening coat that Brenda needs. Disguised rabbit but very young-girl and attractive. She'd look a poppet in it with her fair hair. Took no action.

December 19:

Shower of Christmas cards. Henry keeps telling me that every second one is from an important client, and must be answered. Will go out this afternoon and buy a bunch. After all, must not wreck Henry's business or we should all starve.

Came home with some lovely cards and a little glass tree for the table. Expensive but artistic. After all since we are going to have a plain dinner the little tree would cheer us up.

After tea Jimmie told me about those little portable radios. They run, it seems, on a battery. He says no home is complete without one. You can even take them into the bathroom. At the moment, the bathroom is about the only place where you can't hear our radiogram.

Still, there's a sort of hungry look in his eyes. I don't want him frustrated. I don't want to kill his love for music. I don't want to drive the boy away from home just because he can't hear crooners in his bath.

December 20:

Letter from Aunt Min. She's offended. Says she doesn't hold with new-fangled ideas—why aren't ideas ever "old-fangled"?—and that she intends to give the family the usual presents into which she has knitted all the love she feels for us. Poor old dear. Looks like we're all going to get cardigans this year.

Cannot break Aunt Min's heart. Dashed out and bought her a most expensive present. Henry calls that his "appeasement policy." It made him laugh a lot, though I can't see that it's funny. And it did cost a lot of money.

Also bought the little coat for Brenda. It is not a Christmas present. After all I have to clothe my little daughter till she's old enough to have a dress allowance.

Henry laughed a lot more when I told him. I explained that it wasn't that I didn't love my family. I was trying to be sensible for their own good. I think I was pretty dignified.

December 21:

Henry says he has won a turkey in the office sweepstake. Would be absurd not to eat it. Mrs. Slater seems quite pleased.

Uncle John sent us some port. Had to go out and buy a lot of nuts. Really, you simply can't drink port without nuts.

I bought that radio. It isn't really a Christmas present for Jimmie. I

see, now, that it is something we really need in the house. And Henry says that reading in the bath isn't entirely satisfactory as the steam mists his glasses. Now he can lie and listen to the Symphony Hour.

December 22:

The children asked me couldn't we club together to give Daddy a pair of binoculars. I had the most terrible struggle with my conscience. One doesn't like to quench their generous instincts. Besides, binoculars are different. Henry is a bird watcher and if he doesn't get his glasses science or ornithology might be the loser. That wouldn't be right.

The glasses cost £25. The children contributed five. Looks like no winter coat for me.

Greengrocer sent me a present of holly with the weekly order. Jimmie has been busy decorating with Brenda holding the ladder. I heard Jimmie teasing Brenda about the mistletoe.

December 23:

Mysterious parcel addressed to Henry arrived from the furrier. Could it be the fox fur I've been hinting about for the past six months? He wouldn't do that, would he? Not after agreeing to my pact. I hope he would.

With my order the grocer sent up a large tinned plum pudding. The boy said they had just come into the shop and the boss knew I'd like one and that would be another fifteen shillings. Well, I could hardly offend the grocer, he's always so thoughtful.

Brenda has bought a lot of paper streamers.

Busy day.

December 24:

Aunt Min's knitting has arrived. My cardigan is a sick pink. Very busy day.

Christmas Day.

Lovely as ever. Nothing to report. Everything just like other years and so very nice.

But next year—

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"Like to kiss me under the mistletoe?" Jimmie said jauntily to Brenda.



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The Millionth Man

By FRANCES MALM

JAN BARTON knew the day, the hour, the minute itself, when she finally stopped fearing Stephen Hemperley and took the last short step to falling in love with him. It was on a blizzard January afternoon, a year or so after her husband Paul's death in an airliner crash in India.

She was sitting in her office at the employment agency, interviewing a secretarial applicant, when her telephone rang; and in that moment when she reached her hand out to it, aware it might possibly be Stephen, she realised that for the first time she felt no instinctive prick of fright, only pleasurable excitement and hope.

Jan excused herself and picked up the phone, a slender girl with dark-lashed hazel eyes and dark feathery cropped hair, whose face had never quite lost its look of quick friendliness for people, even in those sombre days when she was being morbidly stared at and pointed out.

She said hello pleasantly and briskly, not really believing there would be more than a business voice at the other end of the wire . . . and it was his voice that came into her ear.

"Mrs. Barton? I'm back in town a day early, Janice. Tell me, have we held ground as friends?" He was smiling, and his smile did all the things to his voice that it did to his face—made it believably belong to a man who was really very nice, with all the right qualities of good humor, kindness, and generosity in his nature.

His face, when he wasn't smiling, often had a merely poised and noncommittal look, and, since in certain ways he was hard, he sometimes looked just that: hard.

"But did you doubt that we would?" she asked.

"I did. It's the habit of this last year. I too carry the scars of old meetings." But he was smiling still. "Look, when can I see you?"

It was like him to say it that way, coming straight at her abruptly. She could easily turn him aside if she felt the need to, as she had a year before. But that was no longer necessary.

"This evening?" she suggested, adding "Come to dinner."

There was a moment's silence. "Just like that," said Stephen Hemperley. "I will, you know."

"About seven-thirty. That'll give me time to peel the potatoes."

"Oh, don't go to all that work. Can't you just open a tin of them?" said Stephen, replying just as lightly.

The conversation ended on that note, and Jan resumed her interview. But after the girl had gone she sat staring blankly down at the papers on her desk, still affected by—what was it, a sort of mutually reacting personal awareness?—that even across the telephone wire could be felt.

It had, she remembered, been that way more or less from the very beginning. She had met him the first time over a year before, a few days after Paul had vanished, leaving only a note to tell her he was taking a vast sum of his bank's money and would never be back.

She remembered him clearly among less-remembered men, an investigator from the bonding company, a tall, capable-looking man of about thirty, with bright blue, astute eyes, who remained in the background, listening to what she said, watching her intently. Even then, under the terrific strain of her situation as the wife of a man who had absconded, she had felt a bewildering impact from his presence.

The news of the plane crash and Paul's death followed only a day after the news of his embezzlement in the papers. After that the pressure on her own life, the official questioning and scrutiny that had been inevitable, lessened and died down.



Aware that she had been cleared by the police of any suspicion of complicity, she could try to take up her work where she had left it and make an adjustment back to living.

When, in the week after she returned to the office, Stephen Hemperley came to see her, an unreasoning alarm leaped up in her at the sight of him. He sat in the chair across the desk from her, relaxed, his hand occasionally pressing back his short, thick hair (which always sprang immediately up again).

"And he didn't write to you after he took off for Paris? Just that note before he left? Nothing else?"

"No. Just that note. Why do you ask?"

He smiled, and somehow made her feel less resistant to him.

"It's a natural enough question. To put it harshly, Paul Barton is out of existence; but the money he stole, at least part of it, may not be. The plane, and everything in it, burned. But it isn't established that he carried all that money with him out of Paris. For that matter, do you never play with the notion—" He stopped.

"No. You don't, I know," he said. "You have too honest a mind even to conceive that kind of dishonesty."

"What kind do you mean?" she asked him, puzzled, searching his face.

"All kinds," he said lightly, "that my experience and embittered mind conceives." Less lightly he added, "But as to my question, you understand now why I asked it—and how important it is."

"But you don't think—surely you don't think I wouldn't have told everything to the police."

"Would you have?" he said gently. "Everything? Even where he'd gone to, if you'd known?"

"Wait!" The girl came following after Janice. "You will be sure to wait for the message, won't you?" she said.

Out of the past came a message to shatter her new-found happiness

INSTALMENT ONE OF AN INTRIGUING 2-PART SERIAL

She lifted her head then and looked at him steadily and long.

Finally she replied honestly. "I don't know if I would have told that." She added quietly, "But if he had told me where he was, I would have followed him. I would have done all I could to have that money returned."

"Of course you would have," he said, and there was compassion in his voice, and something more. He stood up after a moment, saying, as he did so, "Though the best you could do, I'm afraid, wouldn't have done much good. He would have needed a . . . sterner approach."

He added dryly, "Incidentally, your husband managed the theft rather cleverly. There was a reasonable chance the shortage might not have been discovered as soon as it was. Well, once in a while they get away . . ."

A few days later he came to see her again, and again the first glimpse of him, tall and competent and noncommittal, filled her with apprehension. But he came at least in part not to ask her questions; and in a queer way, as her initial uneasiness ebbed away, she found herself glad to be talking to him.

The third time he came, a month had gone by. She went to the door to greet him, and he took the hand she held out to him. Their hands had never touched before, and she was startled and almost awkward for a moment as she realised her exaggerated awareness of his touch.

"You're looking better," he said, with pleasure showing in his eyes. "It will never be as bad again as it was. But tell me, why are you always so bothered when I turn up? It might have been necessary to hurt you while your husband was still alive; but not now."

As she started to make some polite denial, he said, "No, don't say you aren't. I can usually see those things."

She drew her hand gently away and went back to her desk. "Sit down, won't you?" she said, and when he had taken his familiar place across from her, she went on talking in her characteristically honest way.

"Yes, it's true that I'm bothered when you come. It's a feeling that I can't reason with, though it passes after you've been here for a little while. But you were among those men who were hunting down Paul. I—I can't forget that first day. It's all wrapped up in a sort of horror—all of you together, trying to track down one human being."

"A human being who had stolen money," he reminded her.

"Yes, I know. I don't pretend to be logical. It's a natural feeling that people have, I think—an instinctive sympathy for the underdog. And he was still my husband, no matter what he'd done. The very act of his stealing was—oh, don't think I'm not calling it just as serious a crime as it was—but it was also a pitiable weakness."

He listened but didn't comment. She wished it wasn't so easy to confide in him.

"Look," he said abruptly, "this is a heck of a prying question, but I'm going to ask it anyway. What was your husband like—as a person, I mean?"

Jan didn't answer right away. Well, what had he been like? A cold statement of facts conveyed none of his engaging ease and friendliness with people, his ability to make a good time for himself and anyone with him.

She pushed at her cheek thoughtfully. She said, "Paul was the sort of person who could make you stop taking things too seriously when you were with him. He was gay and good-humored and ready for fun any time. People just had to like him."

"Did you like him?"

She stared at him steadily, trying to make up her mind once again whether to be angry with him. He stared at her steadily back at her.

After a pause she said without anger, "Yes, I loved him. I was twenty when we were married. Two of those years were—very wonderful. The last two years were less and less so. I wasn't an easy person for someone like Paul to be with as time went on. I was frightened about living on the edge of things as we were."

She hesitated, looking quickly away for

a moment, then added, "In the note he left he said he'd had a tough life with me. I don't blame myself exactly. Yet I made him lose a great deal of his spontaneous gaiety. I'm sorry when I remember things like that."

"Don't be sorry," he said. "And forget that I was one of the hunters. Can you? And"—he barely paused, then said bluntly—"have dinner with me to-night."

She heard him without surprise, but she didn't look up at once. An overt change had come now in their status towards each other.

The handclasp was only a forerunner of what could happen, of what was bound to happen, with all that had rooted and thrived in the desolate soil of those past weeks.

At length, she raised her eyes and said in a low protesting voice, speaking straight through to him, counting on his comprehension of the time and mending and forgetfulness needed, "Not yet. Please . . . not yet."

That had been the last time she had seen him for a year.

Now, sitting at her desk, with his telephone call only moments behind her, she could only marvel at the latent character of her feelings during that year.

She had been glad at first when he didn't come any more. When weeks, then months, went by and he still didn't come to see her, she decided that he had dropped her. It seemed to her best that he had. He was too closely associated with the bad things that had happened to her.

Even a glimpse of someone in the street who looked like him would give her that familiar moment of fear, of foreboding. Yet that evening four days ago when they had met once again, met quite unexpectedly in the homeward-bound crowds, she had come all alive inside with an unbelievable happiness.

It was as if she had been waiting for this moment, waiting through all the months for it, and as if suddenly now she became fully a person—normal and sentient and young once again.

He held her hands and looked smilingly down into her face, and then they moved out of the flow of the after-five-o'clock throngs and he still held her hands, a tall, lean, blue-eyed man whom she could associate at last with the reassuringly ordinary, everyday events of living, whose personification of disaster was almost gone.

"You've been away?" she said, and heard in her voice the same welcoming glow that she knew must be in her face.

"Yes. When I got back the other day, I came to see you. But you convinced me it was an unkind thing to do."

"Have I been dreaming?" she stammered.

"How fine you look," he said, almost speaking into her words. "The girl whose shadow I once was friends with—or tried to be. And yet—" But he broke off.

"No. You want to know. The truth is, I did come as far as your office building, but at the last minute I stayed downstairs. I wanted to be sure you could—take a visit from me. You see, when you came out of the elevator with that look in your eyes as if you were happy again—oh, I'm not too kind always, but I knew then that if I wanted to be kind this time I'd better leave."

"Because I looked happy?" she said bewildered.

"That's it. I got the angle on myself for the first time then—that I was part of a nightmare to you and always was going to be, that I'd just bring back the whole bad mess to you, and what was the use of that?"

Suddenly then he reverted to directness that gave his whole manner and look a cool, deliberate character.

"But here we are," he said, "and I'm done with nobleness. You could have walked by me, you know. Instead, you put your hand out to me—did you know that, Janice? And now we're here, and will you—I've got to catch a train north at 6.30—will you come and have a drink with me, or a cup of coffee or something, before I go? And when I get back to town on Friday, will you have dinner with me?"

This time, some 13 months after he had first asked her that question, she hadn't said,

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The Millionth Man

"Not yet," she wanted to say it. She had said, "Yes," promptly and gladly . . .

To-night she got off the bus at her usual corner, hurried through the sharp blowing snow to shop for dinner, then went on up the street towards home. She lived now in a small apartment almost half the length of the city away from the one that she and Paul had shared.

She had sold most of the furniture they had had, keeping only a few personal things. There was little to remind her that she hadn't always lived by herself.

In the tiled entrance of the building she paused and, balancing her packages, reached in her box for her mail. There were several pieces, but she didn't do more than glance hastily through them at the moment.

Her thoughts were on dinner and all the small tasks that ought to be done before Stephen Hemperley came. When she got inside, she left the letters on the table by the door and went through to the kitchen. It was over an hour before she found time to look the mail over more thoroughly. By then she had straightened the apartment, got the potatoes peeled, the peas shelled, the small roast into the cooker, taken a shower and changed into other clothes.

Dressed in plaid wool slacks and a white sweater, she was giving the living-room a final glance when she saw the mail lying on the table. This time she picked it up and gave it her full attention.

There were a couple of unsealed envelopes containing advertisements, a bill, a letter from a friend, and a letter with a Paris postmark. Probably an acknowledgment of some communication she had sent quite a while ago, she thought. She laid the rest of the letters back on the table and opened it.

It was typewritten completely, even the signature. It was quite short:

"Dear Janice," it ran, "Assuredly this will be a surprise to you. I am living here in Paris at the above address and would like very much to see you. Would you please come over here if reasonably possible? The name I'm going under is Charles Brown, but I'd prefer you didn't write to me. Just come."

It was signed, "Paul."

Jan stood motionless in the quiet room. It was then a quarter past seven. Within fifteen minutes she could expect Stephen Hemperley's knock on the door, and she would have to go forward to meet him, being all that she had been this afternoon when she had picked up the phone, wholly finished with the past, glad for the future, free in her conscience and her heart . . . being all that she had just now ceased being.

She stood there with the letter still open in her hand, her lashes half lowered over her dazed vision.

"Paul's alive." She formed the words with her lips. Somehow he's alive. Somehow he didn't die. His smile is as it was, quick and outgoing and personal; his words come as warmly as ever, winning people to him, making strangers his friends . . .

He was alive, and he wanted her to come to him. He had written to her. He was alive. She had his address.

Footsteps sounded in the hall outside. She put her hands up and pressed them tight against her cheeks, trying to get her thoughts to work. But the footsteps passed, and she still had minutes left. I can't face him now, she thought distraughtly.

The fleeting impulse came to her to bolt the door, turn off the lights, and pretend to be away, but the ungraciousness, the cowardliness of it shamed her. Yet she could not believe

now in her chances of dissembling before him. He was too perceptive.

She saw him as he'd been when he had first come to talk to her, with his blue, shrewd eyes and his impassive composure . . . and his kindness, that could not be gauged, because, after all, it had not been really tried. She would be no match for his discernment, and once he found out anything she could not for a moment trust in his kindness.

He had never pretended to be concerned about Paul Barton as a human being. "A human being who stole money," he had answered her curtly; and the fact of money stolen had been the important thing, not in the smallest degree the tragedy of a man who had succumbed weakly to temptation.

"To put it harshly, Paul Barton is out of existence," he had said, and there had been no thought for a man dead but only for the tangible salvage that might still be made for his company.

Remembering those things, Jan knew that she could not trust the truth in his hands. Yet how could she keep it hidden safely inside her? The shock was too fresh, and he would be here too soon.

She was standing at the open window, drawing in breaths of the snow-gusty darkness, when he knocked a few minutes later. The apartment was filled with the agreeable smells of the pot roast, the gateleg table set and ready, daisies arranged in a low bowl. She closed the window quietly and crossed the room.

STEPHEN greeted Janice with a look much like the one he used to give her when he came to her office, partly a quick scrutiny of someone to whom he was personally drawn, partly a disciplined observation of a person.

When he came into the living-room his presence seemed to invade every corner of it. She knew well enough that he was as far removed from his job right now as any ordinary man making a social call with his hair brushed smooth, his face lately shaven, and a long box of flowers under his arm.

Yet it seemed to her he must be seeing about him all sorts of small obscure details that would arouse his ready intelligence to suspicion.

He handed her the box, took off his coat, and came to watch her as she undid the string and lifted off the cover. They were small chrysanthemums, a great mass of them, all browns and tans and golds, arranged in an errorless blend of tone, with a nosegay of deep purple pansies at the centre.

"It was thoughtful of you," she said quietly, "to bring these when it's so wintry outside."

"No, it wasn't that. I'm not very thoughtful. But I happened to see them in the window, and they were so much like you, some way or other."

She looked up at him for an instant, unable to respond to the compliment with any graceful gaiety, a kind of numb trust in her lifted eyes.

A smile stirred on his mouth. He looked surprised, pleased, as with a discovery.

"The pansies for your lashes," he said. "Those curious dark lashes. They seemed necessary to the scheme of things, but at the time I wasn't sure why." She turned once more to the flowers, gathering the box up into her arms. "I'm going to like to think of myself as pansy-lashed. I'll put these in water, and why don't you sit down and have a cigarette while I do a few things in the kitchen . . ."

Through the angle of the doorway, as she stood at the sink running water into a pottery vase, she watched him take

a cigarette from the box on the end table and strike a match to light it. His back was turned to her.

Somehow, as he bent away to the flame, there was a look about him of knowing all the right ways out of difficulties, and she longed to believe that she could confide in him, that this once he would put aside duty and consider just her.

She couldn't talk easily at dinner. She relied on him more and more to do the talking. And after a while she became aware that he had unobtrusively taken over the duties of a host, that it was he who was seeing that the conversation went along, and that he was doing it with full consciousness of the necessity.

Yet he said nothing to make her think he noticed her silence. After dinner she brought cups and saucers to the low table by the sofa, then returned to the kitchen to take the coffee off the heat and wait for it to filter. The winduppane rattled with the storm outside. Through the thin crack of opening that she had left for ventilation, fan snow was sifting in along the edge of the sill.

She reached across to close the window, brushed her fingers slowly along the sill and put them up to her forehead for a moment, feeling the wet cold gratefully as if it were some medicine desperately needed. And when she lifted her head again and turned around, she saw that he was standing in the door.

Her black lashes immediately marked the wideness of her eyes for an instant. Then she held out her hand and stared at her fingers in a kind of apology, and went over to the coffee. She heard him speak to her, but she didn't look around.

He said, "It's not such a success is it, Janice? My coming here, I mean. It's as bad as it was when I used to drop in on you at your office. Worst, really. Because that wary feeling you have about me doesn't gradually pass away now as you said it used to."

"I haven't any—any wary feeling," she said, trying to smile.

"What is it then?" he asked. "It wasn't like this when we met the other day. You made me think a year had made all the difference. Am I still in your conception of me, then—what was it you called me—the hunter? And if so, isn't that pretty unfair of you? Considering that for more than a year the so-called 'hunted' individual has been dead?"

"That's all over," she said, trying not to speak too loudly or emphatically.

"And we're to try again?" he asked. When she didn't answer, he went on, "To let down the barriers that spring up when I turn my back? To make me seem a pleasant harmless person whom you don't have to watch unasily with those wide sooty-lashed amber eyes? Frankly, I don't know. I'm beginning to wonder."

She said, feeling the pressure of his scrutiny like a weight that was moving harder and harder against her chest, depleting the breath she needed to speak with. "Let's have coffee and not stand out here among the pots and pans."

She picked up the glass container full of steaming coffee and came to the door, but he stood there looking down at her. "Tell me something," he said. "Is it that you feel some deep-seated enmity towards me because I kept—well, bothering you after the police had stopped?"

She shook her head. "No—no. Of course not. It was part of your job. Please, let's—"

"I admit I was following a hunch at first. Frankly, I just couldn't believe that any man you had belonged to would have left you out of his plans, that

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he wouldn't have communicated with you in some way after he ran off. But later, of course, I didn't come for that. I—"

He straightened, looking at her in an almost guarded, wary way and with the unavoidable awkwardness of deep feeling.

"Janice, look here—I know you wouldn't pretend you don't know how serious I am. The thing I remember most about you from the very start is that you never pretended even when you had troubles that gave you every right to shield yourself in any way possible. So I know you wouldn't pretend not to know what I'm—what I'm saying as delicately as I know how. That you're a—very special person to me."

Jan put her free hand up to her eyes abruptly and said in a painful whisper, "Don't do it!" And then, hardly aware of what she intended, she went on talking quickly, without hesitation, as if she had planned to say it for a long time and had the words carefully memorized.

"I don't feel anything like that about you. I never could. I've mislaid you without meaning to. I should have walked by you that night. I shouldn't have asked you to dinner. There's no use for us to see each other any more."

She was aware that he took the coffee percolator from her hand and set it down, and she heard him say in a poised and considerate tone, "You wouldn't want to let it fall."

When she could bear to look at him again, she saw that his eyes had a stunned, undefended expression and that the casual way in which he had shoved his hand into his pocket did not make him look casual and at ease.

After a moment, he said slowly, "I keep having a—a terrific impulse to say I don't believe you. Would that be pride? I know you wouldn't lie. You're not cruel."

Abruptly he went out into the other room, stopped by the table that held the cigarettes, started to take one, and then dropped it back. She came through the door, and he turned to her quickly, "Janice—do you mean me to believe you? The

other night—the way you looked—Why, I was sure—" He stopped.

"No, don't bother to answer," he went on more quietly. "I know you're being honest. You know—having coffee together seems something of a farce now. I think I'll—in fact, I'd be a first-rate boob if I didn't—"

He smiled now, with a controlled, impersonal courteousness, "I think I'll say good-night and go."

She had no easy words to make him or herself feel better. In the confused sorrow of the moment she could only stand there and watch him put on his coat.

Jan slept very little that night. Long after midnight she reached up and pulled on the lamp. Stephen's flowers still stood on the table nearby, all the browns and tans and golds he had chosen because he had thought they seemed like her. She turned her face away. She must try not to think of him. She had done the only thing possible last night, other than telling him the truth about Paul.

Paul. The thought of him filled her with an agony of bewilderment. She wondered if someone else in her place could have such personal feelings off and acted cold-bloodedly in the interests of justice.

Perhaps someone could have said last night, "I've had a letter from my husband. He didn't die. And since he stole money and ought to be made to answer for it, I feel I'd better tell you how you can find him."

But was there something shameful in her loyalty? No court expected a wife to testify against her husband. Was this any different?

She lay down again, pressing her cheek into the cold sheeted edge of the mattress, staring sleeplessly into the shadows. But after a little while she raised herself up and reached over to the table for Paul's letter. A squarish grey envelope with a blue air-mail sticker. Thin grey paper, clean black type.

"Dear Janice . . ." The cold formality in that, the lack of feeling in it. Yet, he wanted to see her. The stiff stilted phrases, the cautious suppression of all handwriting, of all real proof that he had survived. Almost as if he only half-trusted her.

But he had trusted her enough to write to her and tell her where he was . . . and had thought well enough of her to ask her to come to him.

When she visualised him now, it was not as the often-disgruntled, secretive person he had been towards her at the last, but as the quick-smiling, open-handed young man he had been when they were first married.

Old memories of his unexpected vulnerability came back to her. She had a pathetic vision of him, far away and friendless. For some reason, he needed her, and already her mind was made up. She would go to him.

Towards morning, some eight hours after she had said good-bye to Stephen Hemperley and watched him walk out the door, she finally dropped off to sleep. Her last thought, as she lay there in the darkness, was that something very nice in her life, something that she had not known ever before, had dropped irrevocably back into the past.

Jan didn't go to the office that day. There remained now only the decision as to time. It would be awkward to leave her work without a few days of preparation, yet if Paul needed her quickly she would let the work take care of itself and go at once.

That morning she sent a cablegram to him, using the name he had mentioned in his letter, and the Paris address: "Will come, but cable how urgent. Jan." It seemed unlikely there was harm in this.

All through that day she waited for an answer. When it didn't come, she began to be worried and regret what she had done. Perhaps there had been some really grave reason for his asking her not to communicate with him. Perhaps it involved him in risks which she couldn't see. Or perhaps he was simply away for a day or two and would answer later.

But she couldn't believe in that last solution. It seemed too easy. The silence didn't tell her to wait, to be patient; it told her to hurry, to get there quickly, to try to cancel the danger she might have caused.

She telephoned the airline, asking about a ticket to Paris. This was January, the tourist rush was long since over, the loads were running light. She could fly to-morrow morning if she wanted to.

To-morrow morning, she looked at her watch and thought quickly.

A few minutes later she phoned the office and told them she would have to go away for a week. She mentioned illness in the family vaguely. She didn't say where.

Then she sat down and wrote a short letter. It was addressed to no one. It said: "I am flying to Paris in the morning and have arranged to have a reservation made at the Hotel Continental. If I should be gone so long that people who might logically expect to see me back become concerned and start inquiries, this will at least tell them where I was bound."

She left the message open on her desk, weighing down a corner of it with a book. Then she hunted up her passport, got out her bags—and packed.

Jan leaned forward and stared out of the small round window. The plane had come down through the overcast, and what she saw now in the distance—a fragile tapering cobweb structure, its base lost in grey morning mist—was unmistakably the Eiffel Tower.

Suddenly the unreality of the whole affair seemed to vanish,

and with it her nervousness. There was, after all, nothing frighteningly queer or foreign about this place she was coming to. It was only another big city, full of people of all sorts, most of whom went to jobs each day and returned each night to their homes and their families.

Sitting in the back seat of the big bus that carried passengers from Orly field into the city, she anxiously planned what she would say. "Paul, you've got to come back with me. No, nothing is impossible. What you're doing now, living like this, is the only thing that's impossible."

Well, she would be seeing him soon now. She would have her chance to ask him, to try to make him see. From the Gare des Invalides she took a taxi over the river and across the Place de la Concorde. The first thing she did when she reached the hotel was to look for a telephone directory. It would have been reassuring to be able to step into a booth and telephone Paul immediately. But she didn't find his name, and she knew that she had been hoping foolishly.

This wintry sunlight was coming through the tall casement windows when she went back to her room. Across the street, beyond the high iron fences of the Tuileries Gardens, she could see a few bundled people walking about under the bare trees with their dogs. She drew water for a bath, laid out fresh clothes, and undressed. But she wasn't tired. Last night, she had told herself she would sleep before getting in touch with Paul. But now she thought only, why wait?

An hour later she was downstairs again, asking the English-speaking doorman about the address Paul had given her. No, no, he smiled, with an appreciative eye for her face, that was not a street close enough to walk to, and he summoned a taxi for her and gave directions to the driver.

She found herself riding along the Rue de Rivoli, then through the Tuileries Gardens, cold and bleak, fountains dry, statues looking frozen on their pedestals, then over a wide handsome bridge across the Seine. They raced along on the other side of the river in a brisk stream of traffic, continued for several blocks on a narrower street, turned other corners, hurried on.

Presently the little turtle-headed man in the seedy black beret, driving more slowly, was asking her questions in halting French. She got out the paper on which she had printed the address and showed it to him. He nodded and peered at the numbers on the passing buildings.

Then, grunting abruptly in satisfaction, he pulled up to the kerb on the left side of the street and stopped.

She fumbled among the unfamiliar francs in her purse, paid him, and got out. The neighborhood appeared to be one of respectable apartment buildings. There was an air of age and shabbiness about everything, but all the Paris streets she had seen seemed to have that look, and in this case an unmistakable dignity went with it.

She crossed the walk to the building directly in front of her and tried the oak and bronzetrimmed door. When it didn't give, she stood there a moment, puzzled and confused. Then she saw the button beside the door.

A bell sounded inside. After a moment the door opened, and a female concierge, fat and short, stood there. Beyond her a wide passage led into a paved court, on to which the windows of apartments looked down. In the centre of the court a gnarled tree was growing, and potted leafless shrubs stood along the walls.

"Does Mr. Charles Brown live here?" she asked the waiting and unresponsive face.

The woman shruggingly denied comprehension.

"Monsieur Brown?" Jan repeated.

Thoughtfulness gleamed in the woman's eyes. She said suddenly, "Un instant!" and went away from the door. A moment later she returned carrying a clipping from a French newspaper.

Jan couldn't read it. But she saw the words, " . . . Millienne . . . Les Tresors du Diable . . ." and a poorly reproduced picture of a man in a coat and hat—could it be Paul?—looking down at what appeared to be a ticket he was holding. And then the name "Charles Brown" in the legend below.

"Oui?" said the woman, smiling, much pleased with her ingenuity, and held open the door.

As Jan stepped inside she disappeared into her office again. There were sounds of telephone conversation. When she came back she said something in French again, but this time with gestures towards the court and with an air of having solved matters successfully.

Jan put her purse under her arm and smoothed her gloves and took a deep quiet breath. Paul? Was she about to meet him? In just a minute would she catch a glimpse of him crossing the court?

But it was a girl whom she saw crossing the court a moment later. A self-confident red-haired girl of perhaps her own age.

"Yes?" the girl said, in a way that made the word sound more foreign than English. She had reddish-brown eyes, searching, curious, inquiring. She was very attractive.

"Madame"—she indicated the concierge—"Madame asked my assistance with the English. You were making inquiry concerning Mr. Brown?"

"Yes—yes. I'd like to see him. Is he home now, do you know?"

The girl tilted her head sideways, looking away regretfully. "It happens that Mr. Brown"—she interrupted herself to inquire—"you are, perhaps Mrs. Janice Barton?"

After a pause Jan said evenly, "Yes, I'm Mrs. Barton."

"Ah, then I have a message. Or perhaps, to say it more truthfully, the promise of a message. Mr. Brown had to go away yesterday—very unexpectedly. He did not have his destination settled on, but as soon as possible he will write to me his address, and I will give it to you. You are stopping at what hotel?"

Jan gave her the name of the hotel. So I did get him into trouble with my cablegram, she thought. He'd have to run away. But why? How could it have mattered?

There had been no secret about his living here. The concierge had saved a newspaper clipping about him, one of the interesting occupants of her building; the girl had been trusted by him with a message for Jan. In fact, the girl had the manner of being very thoroughly in his confidence, which was unexpected and bewildering.

Somewhat Jan had never thought of the possibility of there being a girl. She said, "You and Mr. Brown are good friends?"

The girl narrowed her eyes softly and smiled.

"Ah, very good friends. My windows there, and across the court, his window there. We can speak without telephone, we can sit in our windows and exchange messages. Though," she added with a shrug and a laugh, "that is scarcely necessary. It takes so little effort to walk a few steps across."

There was a short silence. Then, as if it were an afterthought, she added, still smiling, "Why, sometimes even I do his typewriting for him. So—so ennuyeux to write always by hand. And fortunately I have a little machine . . ."

Jan stood listening with an expression of courteous attentiveness. What is she trying to tell me, she thought. That she and Paul wrote that

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later together? That they're in love with each other? Is that what he has asked me over here to talk about arranging some sort of secret divorce?

After a moment she turned to go. "Thank you for coming down to talk to me," she said politely.

"Wait!" The girl came following after her. She had stopped smiling. She said, "You will be sure to wait at your hotel for the message, won't you? Mr. Brown is very, very anxious to talk to you. It is very important to his happiness."

"Yes, I'll wait . . . By the way, what was in the paper about Mr. Brown? The clipping that she glanced at the concierge—madame showed me before you came down."

"Clipping? What is that?" She looked puzzled, then understood.

"Ah, the newspaper—yes? The picture? It is what you call—a big event perhaps? A little museum of oddities on the Rue Chaudat, very, very recent, very well known—Les Traces du Diable—you have heard of it perhaps? And Mr. Brown, by chance, was the millionth man to enter. So they take a picture of him holding his ticket, to put in the newspapers."

"I see. It wasn't a very good picture."

"No! Mr. Brown is very modest. He can hardly refuse the picture, such a small courtesy. But, as one sees, he looks down at the ticket in his hand, very down, and, alas, the brim of his hat . . . there is in effect nothing of the face! Ah, well, I will telephone to you, Mrs. Barton."

Jan turned away once more. She walked off slowly down the street, thinking many thoughts, some of which led with certainty to any conclusion. She was in France, amid foreignness, finding communication difficult, using civilities perhaps without justification.

She had counted on seeing Paul to-day. Not seeing him struck her as the beginning of a vague wrongness. She walked on slowly, feeling herself suddenly far away from friends, and too much alone.

A telephone was ringing somewhere, not in her own office, not in Miss Johnson's—such thin walls, and why did they let it keep ringing like that?

Jan moved her head on the pillow and, half-awake, opened her eyes. Mid-morning sunlight was filtering through a tall, curtained, casement window. The iron rails of a balcony showed through the curtain. A telephone rang unfamiliarly beside her . . . a queer-looking telephone with nickel running on it.

Suddenly she remembered. Paris . . . yesterday and the red-haired girl . . . the promised call.

She struggled up, sleep-dazed, from a tangle of sheets and down-filled comforter and reached for the phone.

"Hello—Janice?"

A man's voice, oddly known to her, stammered out huskily. "Who is it? Paul—is it you, Paul?"

There was no answer right away.

In the silence she sank back, hearing her words with a kind of bewilderment, then with a rush of pure horror.

After a moment the voice said impersonally, "Janice, I'm downstairs, and I'd like to see you as soon as I can. This is Stephen Hemperley. Will you come right down?"

Jan stepped out of the elevator twenty minutes later to find Stephen waiting for her, self-contained, unsmiling. She had dressed mechanically in a curiously efficient daze of haste.

She walked with him across the long table-filled gallery, advancing towards a great mirror, yet not recognising the tall man and the slender girl she saw reflected.

As they reached the sofa by the far wall and sat down, she stared dispiritedly ahead of her, then abruptly put her hand up to her face and said in a low, defenceless voice, "How could I have made such a mistake!"

He gave her a long careful look, then said curtly, "Don't punish yourself like that. As a matter of fact, you didn't give anything very important away. I was as close to knowing as I needed to be. Here—better have a cigarette with me. It'll steady your nerves. There's a lot we have to talk about."

She shook her head at the offered cigarette and turned to look at him. "You—guessed?"

He lit his own cigarette, smiling at her slightly as he did so. "It didn't take unusual cleverness. To tell the truth, it took me longer than it should have. Yesterday was the first time I began to suspect."

"I don't—understand at all." "Oh, come now. Put yourself in my place. A girl who I've been convinced is honest to the bottom of her heart and wouldn't lead a man along for the fun of it suddenly does a complete about-face with me. One night she's friendly and glad to see me; a few nights later she's on guard, with some kind of deep upset in her eyes."

He paused, glanced around for an ashtray, then got up and fetched one from across the floor. "Oh, you needn't think," he said coolly, as he sat down again, "that I didn't waste time feeling merely bad about the situation. I did. But even while I was telling myself that it had been inevitable, considering the whole background, I'd come back to remembering that night on the street when your face . . ." He shrugged.

"Forgive the maudlin word, but your whole face glowed. And suddenly yesterday morning, on the way to work, those words of yours came drifting through my mind again—those infernal words that I've never forgotten. But you were hunting down Paul . . ."

He paused again and looked at her in a peculiarly disinterested way.

"Of course I didn't halfway believe the preposterous idea that occurred to me. Not at first. But I thought enough of it to try to talk to you again. I phoned you at your office, but they said you'd gone away. Where precisely, they didn't know. So I took a quick run out to your apartment, and when there wasn't any response to my knock, I walked in—without too much difficulty with the lock. And found your note."

Jan turned her face away, without protest.

He went on, with a brief laugh, "Wouldn't it have been obvious to anyone by then? A girl with a job and a settled kind of life suddenly takes off for Paris—the last city in which Paul Barton was known to be alive. The amusing part of it is that I used to play with the idea of just such a situation. Do you happen to remember? I suggested it to you once—or almost did, rather."

"I don't remember," she said numbly.

"No, of course you don't," he said with fleeting gentleness. "You were too nice a girl, too above-board yourself, to be able to imagine someone faking death to escape with a hunk of stolen money. Not that faking death is such a simple feat. Paul Barton had more than a little luck, I suspect."

He stopped and waited for her to say something. When she didn't, he said, "Well, that explains my part of it, Janice. Now, suppose you take over."

She made a faint motion of negation.

He said, "But that's silly! Look, I'm in the dark about a lot of things, but they're the comparatively unimportant

things—how you found out he's still living, how it happens that he is still living. The important thing I do know, and that is that he's alive. Possibly, you've already seen him once. You made a visit over on the Left Bank yesterday. I have the address."

She turned around to him and stared at him unbelievably. "You—you couldn't have."

He stared straight back at her with ruthless humor—and repeated the address to her, the building number, the street.

"I got to Paris two hours ago," he said. "The first thing I did, after checking to see if you were here, was to have a chat with the doorman. Of course he remembered you—the tall slender girl with the black-lashed eyes; these dull touristless January days make easy work for a doorman's memory. Moreover, for a thousand francs he remembered the rest of it, too . . ."

Jan said, a very still expression on her face. "All of a sudden I find only treacherous people. Men who will break into apartments—"

"For valid reasons," he reminded her. "—and sell information to any casual buyer."

"As to that: Of course! You'll always find them. Occasionally, even, they serve a worthy purpose—as now. Naturally I got a cab and hurried over to that address. I talked to a chubby little party, the concierge of the building. There was no Paul Barton living there, but there was a man named Charles Brown who had had his picture in the paper recently—a rotten picture it was—and had gone off somewhere without leaving an address."

JAN said nothing, and after a moment Stephen went on, "She phoned a red-haired girl, who came down, and I talked to her too in my rusty wartime French till I discovered she talked fairly fluent English. She was very cagy. I got nothing much out of her. But I've only just begun with her."

"Yes, I suppose you have," said Janice. She added with dignity, "I wouldn't plead with you. I know now that you're very hard. You have moments of kindness, even—even tenderness, as I remember; but when it comes to a choice, you wouldn't let that count."

His eyes were narrowed and a little angry. "What are you trying to say, Janice? That because of—a personal feeling I have for you, I should give up on Paul Barton? Do you think my integrity is something I'd toss out the window—even for something like that?"

"No," she said. "I don't think you would. Nor should you, I suppose." Now she was assailing him with all that honesty and desperate seriousness could do.

"Please, Stephen, I know that Paul has to be brought back. But give me a chance to do it if I can. Give me a few days, just three days, say—to try to persuade him. I haven't seen him yet, but I expect to soon, when he lets me know where to reach him. He wrote and asked me to come over. It's even possible he wants to give himself up."

"Did he say that in his letter?" Stephen Hemperley asked her sharply.

"No. He didn't really say anything at all. It was a very brief letter. But he asked me to come. Why else should he do that?"

"I wouldn't know," said Hemperley abruptly. "I've never mastered the psychology of a man who would walk out with someone else's money. Forget the idea, Janice, that he's up to something good. He's got a scheme."

"But surely you know that I wouldn't try to help Paul get

away. I'd keep in touch with you. I'd tell you where I was—each day, wherever I happened to be."

He leaned towards her, frowning. "If you're going to let this be the basis for hating me—well, the nice things between us in the past weren't worth very much. No, I won't do it your way, Janice. I'm sorry."

"I'm sorry too," she said with forlorn composure. She got up and walked quickly towards the elevators. But she was not quicker than he was. He was beside her now, keeping pace with her. "Look here, we haven't finished talking."

"Yes, we've finished," she said tonelessly. "I've finished." An elevator was waiting, and she stepped inside. Almost indifferently she watched him step in beside her.

"This is what you meant then long ago," he said softly, with real contempt, "when you told me you felt concerned about Paul Barton. From the beginning you wanted him to get away."

She spoke out the number of her floor to the operator, then stared down at the carpet, murmuring, "Don't wilfully misunderstand the things I've said. You opened your mind once to what I tried to say honestly. You knew the complicated emotion I felt."

Hemperley said, "Then recognise where that emotion should begin and end. Even if you were in love with him, you'd have to draw the line somewhere. But you're not in love with him; you haven't even claimed to be. And right now is the time that you can help me."

"You don't need help," she murmured dully. "You'll find him . . ."

The elevator reached her floor. She stepped out into the broad carpeted corridor, and as he followed her out, she said, "However careful I am when I go to meet him, I won't elude you. I'm not a match for your experience and training. And when you find him," she added, "you'll feel very good about it. All at once that's clear to me."

She turned and went down the long corridor. As she stood at her door, fitting the key in the lock, she heard him call to her peremptorily. She waited as he came to her side.

"Yes, I'll find him," he said, with calm harsh certainty. "You're quite right, Janice, about that."

Suddenly he reached out and took hold of her shoulders. "I've always wanted to do this," he said, his voice blurring off into a rough undertone. "And now it seems I have my last chance, not as I would have chosen it, but as I have to take it."

She heard the phone ringing in her room, but she was against him, held with an angry tenderness that made the ringing of a phone seem a weak and useless tinkle outside a wall. As he was kissing her, a chambermaid bumped discreetly by, indulgent or perhaps merely benignly indifferent.

"Dear, my dear. My dear," he said once, in a voice not his own.

After a little time he dropped his arms and stood away from her. He said, almost loudly, stridently, "Take the three days. Take them. I give them to you." His look was not a look she'd ever seen, nor wanted to see now, showing too much—anger, shame, pride, and the deeper things inside him that were hurting to her to see, the longing and helplessness and pain.

The telephone was ringing over and over. She pushed her hand forward towards the door handle and stumbled into her room.

To be concluded

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A lady abroad

At what is she looking? Niagara Falls, the Franz Josef Glacier, a Mediterranean shore or the Giant's Causeway? Whatever it is, she seems completely absorbed, her whole mind devoted to enjoying every moment of her trip. No financial worries can mar her enjoyment, for, in her wisdom, she asked the Bank of New South Wales to arrange her travel finance before she left Australia.

Wherever you go, carry—

BANK OF NEW SOUTH WALES TRAVELLERS' CHEQUES

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CLEANS POLISHES FASTER! EASIER!



BUY THE BIG 14 OZ. ECONOMY TIN

OLD DUTCH



CHASES DIRT!

Nary Horder's Paris Notes

● Hermes' simple one-piece, right, designed with a boat-shaped off-the-shoulder neckline. The model is finished with a shaped leather belt matching the bag and shoes.

● Lanvin chooses a new color combination of bright navy and deep orchid for the wrap-around dress, left. The collar is stiffened. The model is a chic replacement of the overall.

● Marcelle Chaumont's turquoise poplin dress, above, made with a moulded bodice finished with a standing peaked collar, tiny sleeves. The skirt is full.

● Jacques Fath's violet - and - white chintz skirt, right, teams with a lilac shantung blouse. A sash is slotted through a wide elastic cummerbund.



for Sunny Days



● Jeanne Lafaurie uses the dramatic simplicity of royal-blue poplin for the one-piece, top, with a low neckline. The lined panelled skirt has two pockets.

● Striped cotton in the new combination of emerald - green, blue, and black is used for a simple one-piece, left, with cross-over bodice and dirndl - type skirt.

● Christian Dior uses a flower-printed chintz, above, for his decollete frock finished with a narrow shoulder yoke band. The skirt is on the bias with a wide inverted front pleat.

● Hubert de Givenchy designs a wide grey skirt, left, with a band of tucks and a pleated frill finish. The pale blue collarless blouse has an interesting U-shaped back yoke.

Dorothea Johnston

Boy oh Boy!



What eye-poppers!



Give BOND'S Socks to Santas

(Bless them—they deserve the best)

**BEAUTIFUL QUALITY!
WONDERFUL VALUE!**

Whoopie!

**Nylon toes
and heels save
darning, too!**



...and just reaching the stores now—Bond's new ALL-NYLON "PEDS" in beautiful plain colors. They can't possibly shrink—no holes to darn. In fact you'd have to use an ice-pick to ladder them. They're ribbed to hug the leg. Cool, too—and you know how quickly nylon dries—overnight in the bathroom. Every pair carries a full guarantee from Bond's.

DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

The newest silhouette for shorts is high-cut above the natural waistline, with sailor-boy fastenings and very short, cuffed trouser legs.

DENIM, cotton, velvet, and coarse linen are the most popular materials.

The shorts illustrated are a striking example of this theme.

Note that buttons are covered with self material.

Good cottons have a very prominent position in formal midsummer fashion.

The trend is towards sheers with small self-woven patterns and plain-colored sheer organdie.

The battle between sleeveless and sunback dresses continues.

More sleeveless styles are generally found in resort collections.

Designers say this is part of the trend towards a more covered-up rather than a baretop look.

Strapless baretops are not practical enough for most women, and have been overdone.

A covered-up sleeveless dress makes a jacket unnecessary.

Coral and white mingle to make color news in holiday cruise and resort fashions.

Capri-yellow, a sharp, vibrant shade with a hint of lime, is another chic color.

Fabrics combine in an important way for elegance.

Examples: Taffeta completely covered with lace or net.

Velveteen accents silk prints and printed cottons. Plain sheers are often worn as coats over rayons and silk.



In Paris, the current is Givenchy collection includes a stole with rose-petal ruffles and an enormous triangular-shaped stole reaching to the floor at the back, and bordered by heavy curtain fringe.

In New York dress collections, angora, poodle cloth, looped yarn, surfaced fabrics, fake furs, and hairy and nubby tweeds are used for daytime stoles.

In some cases they are the matched third piece in a suit ensemble.

Boleros are tiny, less are longer than bust-length, and most are designed with short sleeves.

For autumn, a slimmer-down silhouette has been accepted by all the important fashion houses.

However, fullness with some modification will also be well represented. Back-thrust fullness plus a straight front is a very new line.

Hemlines are correct at mid-calf length, approximately 13in. or 14in. from the floor, depending always on the wearer's proportions.

In mid-summer millinery fashions there is a strong development of the head-hugging cap and shell silhouette.

Straw braid is the popular material—veils are not worn.

A vibrant new pink called glory-pink and chalk-white are the popular color choice.

The newest coats for holiday and resort include a fitted coat with a fluted shawl collar and a full-back coat with low yoke and gathered sleeves.

Also stressed is a slim silhouette with cardigan closings.

The latest petticoat news is the can-can waist petti. The petticoat is cut gently full from the waist and features a series of under-ruffles on the inside of the hem. The ruffles are made in net nylon.

These petticoats are modelled after the skirts worn by the Parisian dancers immortalised on the posters of Toulouse Lautrec.

D.S. 16. Shorts require 2½ yds. 36in. material. Sizes 24in. to 30in. waist. Price, 2/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

The stole and the bolero continue to be high fashion.

Sponsorship of this fashion in French, Italian, and London couture collections contributes further to their prestige.

Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

"CAROL"—Smart button-up coat-dress featuring a white pique trim and unusual skirt pockets. The dress is obtainable in multi-colored check cotton glenanne in predominating shades of red, blue, and green.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 51½, 30in. and 32in. bust, 53½.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 50½; 36in. and 38in. bust, 61½.

"VANESSA"—An attractively styled summer cotton obtainable in colorful ribbon-striped cotton. The color choice includes beige and grey with gold and maize stripes; pink and grey with gold and green stripes; yellow and grey with gold and red stripes.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 52½; 36in. and 38in. bust, 61½.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 51½; 36in. and 38in. bust, 61½.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 47. Frocks may be inspected or obtained immediately at Fashion Frocks, Stoddart's Building, 21 Pier Street, Sydney.



HOW TO WAKE UP WELL



After a party, take a couple of QUICK-EZE when you go to bed. You'll wake up fit as a fiddle—no acid stomach, no heartburn, no party "hangover." QUICK-EZE neutralises excess acidity in seconds, restores the digestive balance and soothes delicate stomach and intestinal linings. Keep a handy pack of QUICK-EZE by your bed.



take
QUICK-EZE
for
INDIGESTION

AND FEEL FIT AS A FIDDLE

PAIN YOU CAN'T
"EXPLAIN"



Se had to tell a "white lie"

You can't realise—and it's so hard to "explain" when dragging, exhausting muscular tramps mean broken appointments and time off. On these days every month, try taking a couple of MYZONE tablets with water or a cup of tea. Thousands of women and girls are blessing this wonderful new pain-relief. For Myzone's special Activerin (anti-spasm) compound brings immediate—sure complete and lasting—relief from severe period pain, headache and sick-feeling. Then anything else you've ever known. Try Myzone with your very next "pain." All chemists.

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MOTHER



"No, you can NOT play 'Riding elephants at the Zoo!'"

BUTCH



"I'd like to ask him if an instruction booklet came with it, but he looks like such a GROUCHY guy."

It seems to me

THIS week I have a plea from a householder in one of Sydney's northern suburbs, who wishes to remain anonymous.

"With gritted teeth," he says, "I ask for some publicity for my scheme of zoning electric lawn-mowing in the suburbs."

"My teeth are gritted because they are permanently on edge. Those who live in flats have no idea of the torture one endures in the suburbs now at week-ends."

The old hand mower had a comparatively peaceful sound, a sort of intermittent clatter which I could stand. But there is a relentless quality in the whirr of an electric mower which frays the strongest nerves.

"My suggestion for zoning is this: People in certain suburbs could use their mowers on certain week-ends. By a planned system of visiting, I could then escape into silent suburbs at week-ends. Naturally, I would give shelter to refugees on our own zoning day."

I sympathise with the complainant. The only other suggestion I can offer him is that he buy one of the things himself. It is well known that lawn-mowers are like vacuum cleaners and electric razors. The sound never worries the user.

THE British capacity for adaptation is a wonderful thing.

That thought is inspired by the decision of an organisation known as the "Mayfair Association" to put artificial nightingales in Berkeley Square during the Coronation.

A spokesman said that the scheme was based on "dignified romanticism" and was planned because many American tourists and others might look for the nightingale which sang there.

The Mayfair Association, I take it, is a kind of superior progress association. It recognises the need for using modern methods of advertising and publicity, but it uses them in a proper, conservative manner.

"Dignified romanticism," you note. Not "ballyhoo."

LANGUAGE changes all the time. New words, colloquial at first, achieve dictionary respectability in time.

However, there are some words whose coiners devote ceaseless efforts to keeping out of dictionaries.

Last week I had a letter from a firm of manufacturers congratulating me on using the term "freezing unit" in a paragraph. This firm fights a continual battle to stop people using in print another word for the same thing, a word which is a registered trademark.

Any newspaper's files contain letters of protest from firms protecting the trademarks of particular makes of vacuum flasks, transparent cellulose wrapping, and petroleum jelly.

It won't take much thought to guess the words commonly used. The lay mind might think the makers ought to be glad to hear the names of their products on everyone's lips.

But, as a manufacturer of one of the items explains, the courts have held that a proprietor of a trademark must protect it if he is to maintain its validity.

By



Dorothy Drain

THERE'S a bank in Sydney which could easily make a few shillings for its coffers by selling some spare chairs.

Down the centre of the banking chamber are tables for the public. Each table has six chairs, three on each side.

Hardly anyone ever uses the centre chairs. Customers always make a bee line for the end ones. Rather than use a centre seat myself, I hover till an end chair becomes vacant.

This springs from a primitive human instinct which the bank furnishers didn't take into account—the dislike of being hemmed in by potential enemies when gnawing a bone, the bone in this case being a cheque-book.

TIRED of your appearance? There's a new fashion overseas for sequins on your lips.

You heard me. Sequins on the lips. The magazine which describes them says that they are a special kind without rough edges. They can be wiped off with a tissue before eating and drinking.

The account doesn't say whether you are meant to fling the things into the nearest wastepaper basket or take them home and renovate them for another occasion. Comment seems superfluous.

PARIS designer Elsa Schiaparelli caused a stir at her latest fashion parade.

"Stop the show!" she cried. "Where are the bosoms? Where are the hips? Designers keep forgetting that women are female human beings. I am sick of the cardboard figure."

Seems to be an echo here of the old story about the man who complained every day of the jam sandwiches in his home-wrapped lunch, then explained he was baching.

A SYDNEY hotel-keeper spends £10 a week on flowers for the bars and says he believes his customers prefer flowers to counter lunches. "Some men come in just to see the display, and have only one drink," he said.

So much misunderstood are men; wives often tend to think

That what they like about a bar is what they have to drink.

But do not nag your husband when he goes to meet the boys,

It's not for beer and whisky or pies and saveloys.

He spends, with talk convivial, such happy, carefree hours,

And only wants, like Ferdinand, to smell the pretty flowers.

Be kind to him when he returns, just see if he can say

Not "British Constitution" but "Horticultural display."



Tired and listless...not really ill, but seldom fully well...this condition often means

"HIDDEN HUNGER" at work!

Doctors and Nutrition Experts agree that "Hidden Hunger" is far more common than most people realise. They say you can satisfy your hunger by having three meals every day—and still not satisfy your body's needs. When we eat the wrong kind of foods, or not enough of the right kind, then we suffer from "Hidden Hunger"...our body is still hungry for certain essential food elements.



To make sure you get the essential nutrients your body needs every day, you should drink Horlicks. Made with milk, Horlicks guards against "Hidden Hunger."

Horlicks builds you up—restores lost vitality. Because it is pre-digested, Horlicks goes almost straight into the blood-stream—and it is all pure, EXTRA nourishment.

Horlicks supplies balanced nutrition...made with milk, it guards against "HIDDEN HUNGER"



You must have nourishing food to guard against "Hidden Hunger." However, with to-day's rising costs, it is not always possible to have the RIGHT kind of foods your body needs. That is why Horlicks is so necessary in your home—for all your family. Horlicks contains full-cream milk and the

nutritive extracts of wheat-flour and malted barley. Prepared with milk and enjoyed between meals and just before bed at night, Horlicks is a balanced food which supplies the essential nutritional elements your body needs every day to guard against "Hidden Hunger."



Made with milk
HORLICKS
guards against
"HIDDEN HUNGER"

P.S.—Hot Horlicks before bed induces deep, restful sleep.

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READERS may obtain leaflets on subjects of current interest to home gardeners by sending this coupon with a stamped, addressed envelope to Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

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- How to Grow Good Chrysanthemums.
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WITH THE *Locked in* FLAVOUR

The choicest, sun-kissed pineapples, ripened to tropic perfection go into every cellophane-wrapped cube of Cottee's Pineapple Jelly . . . and the teasing, pleasing flavour of real pineapples is locked in until you release it. There's no end to the delicious array of thrifty Christmas desserts you can make with Cottee's Real Fruit Jellies . . . and they're so easy on your budget.



Cottee's Strawberry Ice Cream for holiday treats. Use $\frac{1}{2}$ Cottee's Strawberry Jelly, 2 tablespoons sugar, 2 tablespoons condensed milk, 1 pt. (6 tablespoons) full cream powdered milk, boiling water. Dissolve jelly and sugar in boiling water, add milks. Beat well and freeze.



Snow Tops are exciting! Make up a packet of Cottee's Lime Cooia Jelly. Divide in two. Pour half into serving dishes to set, let remainder stand till cold and beginning to "jell". Add one mashed banana, 1 tablespoon coconut. Whip till frothy, add to plain jelly and chill.



AT LAST! A REAL AUSTRALIAN CHRISTMAS PUDDING

1 pkt. Cottee's Jelly
1 pint boiling water
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped glace cherries
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped prunes
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped raisins
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped nuts
1 tblspn. sherry
(if liked)
Pinch of salt

Make it in minutes with Cottee's real fruit jelly

Method: Make up Cottee's Jelly with boiling water as directed. When cool and just beginning to jell, stir in the other ingredients. Pour into wetted mould to set. Then unmould, garnish with a sprig of holly and serve with cream or ice cream.

Cottee's

REAL FRUIT

JELLIES

BY THE MAKERS OF THE WORLD-FAMED PASSIONA

Worth Reporting

WHEN Australian champion motorcyclist Maurice Quincey defends his title in the Australian Tourist Trophy Road Race Championship this month his "right-hand man" will be his vivacious, fair-haired bride, Betty.

The race will be held at Little River, near Werribee, Victoria, on December 26 and 27.

Maurice gives his wife credit for his many wins.

"Betty is a champion in her own right," he assured us. "I have her perfect tuning knowledge and mechanical ability to thank for my success."

Mrs. Quincey, with her polishing gear and tool-kit, is well known among motorcyclists all over Australia.

She spends all her spare time overhauling her husband's two "Featherbed" Nortons, and is always on the spot with the correct spanner for last-minute adjustments before races.

"I have the best-looking bikes in Australia," said Maurice, "and I am the only cyclist with a wife-mechanic, who even polishes my leather suit till it shines before meetings."

"But I'm not very popular with other wives," put in Betty. "They don't approve of the example I set them."

Betty would rather wield a spanner than knitting needles.

She admits to nervous tremors just before Maurice takes off in a race, but agrees with him that it is safer on the tracks than on Melbourne roads.

Maggie—America's glam puss

MAGGIE, pin-up girl of America's National Cat Week seal campaign, is a glam puss of the first rank.

She is posed decoratively on five million red-and-blue seals and on 25,000 posters exhibited throughout America—the kind of publicity film stars dream about.

Sponsors of the campaign, the American Feline Society, Inc., say in their brochure that Maggie personifies their "Help Save America's Cats" appeal.

She certainly looks a beautiful animal, but, as our cat said with a sniff:

"She should look beautiful. Her picture was taken by the outstanding cat photographer James Pierpont Wise and, my dear, it was touched up by the famous animal painter Dr. Roland Orlandol!"



"I'll never forget this evening, Harold—try as I will."

Romance of the wool game

FOR the past 35 years the romance of wool has kept Miss Gweneira Powell at her job with the Perth branch of a big wool firm.

Miss Powell, who has just retired, started work in 1917 when the price of wool was 1/2½ a lb., when her firm's female staff numbered three, and when their offices were two convict-built cottages at Fremantle.

She has followed the meteoric rise of wool from the "low" of 7½d. a lb. in the depression years to the March, 1951, figure of 164d. a lb. rather like most of us follow Test cricket scores.

HERE'S something new in playing cards.

A Boston, U.S.A., man is marketing a card designed as a parallelogram instead of the standard rectangle.

The new shape saves time in sorting a pack. Any face-up card instantly catches the eye because its angles stick out the wrong way.

Round and round and round . . .

A SYDNEYSIDER who has flown round the world nine times in the past five years is Phillip Hood, regional representative in the South-west Pacific for B.O.A.C.

His circumnavigations are quite apart from long-flight "jaunts."

Mr. Hood can excuse himself quite truthfully from keeping appointments by saying simply: "Sorry, but I have to go to Africa."

He has an imposing array of at least 30 "crossing the Line" certificates, but he says he has also crossed the Equator dozens of times in a few minutes by playing darts in a Scottish friend's house at Kusumu, Uganda.

The Scot claims that half his house in on the Equator, and the darts game takes players to and fro across the line.

LONDON TALK By Michael Plant

ECCENTRIC poetess Edith Sitwell is certainly a convincing exponent of the grand manner.

Miss Sitwell recently caused a great stir in literary circles by accepting a Hollywood offer to write a script about Elizabeth I.

Before she left for America I saw her, wearing her famous witch hat and long black cloak, having tea in a restaurant.

A woman walked up to compliment her on her latest poem. Miss Sitwell received the tribute in silence, staring straight ahead.

But later, as she swept from the room, she stopped at her admirer's table, raised her hands above her head, and made a gigantic cross of benediction.

TWO young stars who are never seen out and about in the West End are Richard Attenborough and his wife, Sheila Sim.

I've heard many people say that they're not good mixers, but when I saw them after the first night of their new play, Agatha Christie's "The Mousetrap," Sheila told me:

"We have a lovely baby and a lovely home to go back to. Why waste money in night-clubs?"

ARRIVING for the premiere of "The Snows of Kilimanjaro," Mrs. Gregory Peck wore a Dior tent coat so voluminous that it couldn't be accommodated in the cloak-room.

Finally, Mrs. Peck left it in the corridor standing up by itself, guarded by a faithful usherette.

IN her house the Duchess of Westminster has the most fantastic bathroom ever.

The walls and ceiling are covered with black paper with a gold fleur-de-lis motif, and there is a deep olive-green carpet on the floor. The Louis Quinze sofa is nice to sit on when drying your toes.

A Chinese Chippendale table holds pots of exotic plants, which grow up a trellis on the wall, and bottles of every perfume known to mankind.

In a tank sunk into the wall swim gaudy tropical fish. Windows are framed by long yellow velvet curtains.

And tucked away in a corner of the room, looking very embarrassed, is the bath.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



YOU CAN SEE THE FRUIT

IN **Cottee's**
FRUIT JUICE CORDIALS



So welcome IN
SO MANY WAYS!



STRAWBERRY TOPPING

Cottee's Strawberry Syrup is the perfect topping for ice cream, jelly and cream or other favourite desserts. The children love it.



LIME COOLA

Hot-day special for the kiddies . . . and how they rush them! Ice Cottee's Lime Coola. Use it often as a topping, too.



FRUIT CUP

Add Cottee's Fruit Cup to your fruit salad, mix it with ice cream for a really delicious treat. Use it as a topping, too, for luscious desserts.

Cottee's

ENJOY THAT COTTEE FLAVOUR
IT COSTS NO MORE

Put a capital

"see"

into

Christmas!

Be sure this label is on every lighting unit you buy.



C353/36014 C.B.: An enclosed 14" Crystal Base Unit attractively decorated in three colours—coloured suspension.

36008: 1-piece Art Amber Unit—in three attractive decorations.



C34810: Halo C.P. Suspension Unit. Glass—Art Amber in three decorations with Halo to match. Overall length, 26".



6108: Antique Galleon Lantern—6" Square, 9" High.

C14712: A 3-piece Single C.P. Suspension Unit—in Satin Pink, Primrose and Green. 13" wide—Overall length, 30"



C1730: A 3-cup Suspension Unit (also 5 or 1-cup). Finish: Old Ivory and Old Gold—Cups in Primrose, Pink, Ivory, Amber, Green.



37308 C.B.: Crystal Base Art Amber Unit—glass in three decorations.

C1850: A 5-cup Suspension Unit (also 3 or 1-cup). Finish: Old Ivory and Old Gold—Cups in Primrose, Pink, Ivory, Amber, Green.



You'll see Christmas, the New Year and many other new years in a far happier and brighter light if you present your family with one or more of these beautifully designed Crown Crystal lighting fixtures. And be original in your "giving" to friends and relatives this year. A Crown Crystal fixture will come as a delightful surprise. Each is priced within today's average means, and each carries the guarantee that the ceramic colours are fused permanently into the glass and thus will not fade, flake, or scratch off.



C1600: A 3-cup Suspension Unit (also 5 or 1-cup), with Art Amber Cups Gold Linol.



Obtainable from all leading lightingware distributors in the Commonwealth.

PRODUCTS OF CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS PTY. LTD.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 17, 1953



ALL THE FUN OF THE CIRCUS

By JOAN MARTIN

Deep in the heart of most imaginative children is the desire to be part of a circus, and this nursery, furnished as a make-believe "big-top," will provide an attractive substitute.

It is not, perhaps, a project for the entirely inexperienced home decorator, but anyone who is at all clever with the paint brush should be able to carry it out.

THE hardest job is to draw the stripes for the ceiling. It may be necessary at that stage to get some expert help.

The rest, however, should be easy and quite a lot of fun, as you will no doubt think of more and more amusing ideas as the work progresses.

The main attraction will be color. Use it lavishly and the gay effect will compensate for any minor faults in the brush-work.

The color scheme illustrated is merely a suggestion—there are innumerable alternatives, such as blue, white, yellow, and lime-green, or green, white, coral-pink, and black.

The little cages which house the ferocious nursery animals started life as bird-cages, but it would be a simple matter to make them of cardboard and wire-netting.

Most children have quite a collection of stuffed animals, and it will give endless fun to vary the wild animals from time to time.

The clown can be cut from pressed hardboard, or plywood, and is useful as well as decorative.

Attach a few wooden pegs or clothes hooks and it becomes a perfect rack for holding clothes, hanging up damp raincoats or, alternatively, for bath towels, washers, etc. The table is made to represent a drum—always an important part of the circus—and it looks most authentic with its bright paint and white cord.

The stool is the inverted-bucket type used in so many of the "acts."

Most nursery floors are covered in linoleum—so sensible in a room where children are to play—and it would be an easy matter to paint a circle representing the ring, or to have a circular rug, which would give the same effect.

There are materials with circus designs suitable for bed covers or curtains, but a plain color may look even more attractive.

Have the color strong—a deep red, vivid blue or yellow—and be sure that the material is tough enough to take hard wear.

It is almost certain that the bed will be a jumping-off point

for many of the improvised acts.

Denim is a perfect material for nursery furnishings—it soils less easily than others, comes in an attractive range of colors, and washes perfectly.

This nursery is, of course, only a suggestion—whatever the size of the room you have and whether you spend little or much on it, there is ample opportunity to make it pretty and practical through the use of color.

Remember that in the shops to-day there are attractive wallpapers which are not only decorative but washable. These papers can work miracles with a room that is otherwise dull.

For little girls there are self-patterned pastels or pretty florals, while for boys a paper of stronger character looks well.

Plaids are not only suitable for a boy's room but look most attractive if used to cover certain pieces of furniture—a chest of drawers, for instance, or an old wardrobe.

If the paper is not washable brush over with one or even two coats of clear lacquer.

This will not only "fix" it, but will give a surface which can easily be kept clean.

If you choose a paper that is patterned or floral, it is safer to have curtains and covers of a plain material, but in some instances a striped or dotted material can be used most effectively to give interest to an odd chair.

In a nursery which must be shared by two or more children it is a good idea, if possible, to provide a separate cupboard for each child so that toys can be looked after by their rightful owner.

If a cupboard is out of the question, a large bin would serve the purpose.

You could buy cheap garbage bins (disposal stores stock them) and lacquer each a different color.

Paint the name of the child on each in a contrasting color and decorate them with suitable transfers.

It is most important to remember that a child's nursery must above all be a "liveable" room.

All normal children live in a world of make-believe.

It is natural for them to create imaginary surroundings and none is more popular than the cubby house.

This, I have found, usually involves much rigging up of rug, door-mat, and table cloth, and the untidy littering of books, which, I am assured, are bricks.

To tidy them at all invokes floods of tears, and I am told to get out of the room as quickly as I came in.

I have long since given up the unequal struggle.

It is an excellent idea to have in the nursery a cupboard which can be locked. In this store toys, games, etc., to be used on rainy days or when illness means dreary days to be spent in bed or quietly convalescing.

Along with the usual collection of standard games such as Ludo, Snap, or Snakes and Ladders, it is a good idea to keep spare playing cards (not necessarily of the same pattern or size) as well for house-building, to use as jigsaw puzzles and plasticine.

Paper, scissors, glue, and old pictorial magazines are, of course, indispensable. Almost more useful than glue is a roll of cellulose tape.

This will mend toys and books and is perfect for attaching pictures to the scrap book. I have found it the most popular of all nursery accessories.

With it the child can create his own art gallery by sticking his favorite cut-out pictures on the wall, and can pull them off or renew them whenever he feels inclined without any damage done.

Pipe-cleaners, which can be twisted into amusing and life-like figures, are also good to have in the "treasure chest,"

and for little girls a box or bag of scrap materials will give hours of amusement.

If the child is not old enough to sew she will still have lots of fun if you give her a "family" of pegs to dress.

All you will need to do is paint a face on the peg—she will be able to dress the doll with the scraps merely by cutting a hole in a piece of material and winding a piece of cotton round the doll's waist to keep the dress in place.

I have seen little girls play with these peg dolls for hours on end, and the love and care given them has been as great as if not greater than one would expect for the most expensive toy.

Important points to remember when equipping a nursery are:

WALLS should be washable.

FLOORS should be covered with easily-kept-clean linoleum, or have rugs which can be sent to the cleaner or, better still, washed.

CRAYONS and chalks are sure to be used. Have a blackboard—it will save the walls.

SHELVES and cupboards should be low enough for children to reach easily.

TABLE and chairs should be low enough for a child to work or play with back straight, Cut-down kitchen tables and chairs are sometimes cheaper and much stronger than the standard nursery type.

Which Twin has the **Toni** and which has the expensive perm? (SEE ANSWER BELOW)



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Which twin has the Toni?

Elyette and Judith Spencer of Lidcombe, N.S.W., are identical twins and even experts can't tell that it's Judith (on the right) who has the Toni.

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ITALY'S handsome Vittorio Gassman (left) amuses his wife, Shelley Winters, and a friend during the filming of "Sombbrero" in Mexico. Gassman has since returned to Rome to resume work in his own repertory company.

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—* "March of the Wooden Soldiers," comedy starring Laurel and Hardy. Plus "Silver Skates," musical comedy starring Belita, Kenny Baker. (Both re-releases.)

CIVIC.—* "Homestretch," technicolor drama starring Cornel Wilde, Maureen O'Hara. Plus "Belle Starr's Daughter," Western starring George Montgomery, Ruth Roman. (Both re-releases.)

EMBASSY.—*** "The Sound Barrier," aircraft drama starring Sir Ralph Richardson, Ann Todd, Nigel Patrick. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—** "Count of Monte Cristo," period adventure starring Robert Donat. Plus "Bar 20," Western starring William Boyd. (Both re-releases.)

LIBERTY.—* "The Devil Makes Three," drama starring Gene Kelly, Pier Angeli. Plus "Fearless Fagan," comedy starring Janet Leigh, Carleton Carpenter.

LYRIC.—** "Crosswinds," technicolor adventure starring John Payne, Rhonda Fleming, Forrest Tucker. Plus "Monkey Business," comedy starring the Marx Brothers. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—* "This Woman Is Dangerous," drama starring Joan Crawford, David Brian. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—* "Fort Defiance," cinecolor Western starring Dane Clark, Peter Graves, Tracy Roberts. Plus "Texas Rangers," cinecolor Western starring George Montgomery, Gail Storm. (Both re-releases.)

PLAZA.—** "Story of Robin Hood," technicolor adventure starring Richard Todd, Joan Rice, Peter Finch. (See review this page.) Plus "Olympic Elk," technicolor documentary film.

PRINCE EDWARD.—*** "The Greatest Show On Earth," technicolor circus drama starring Betty Hutton, Cornel Wilde, James Stewart, Dorothy Lamour. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—* "Tea For Two," technicolor musical starring Doris Day, Gordon MacRae, Gene Nelson. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—** "Pagliacci," Italian film opera starring Tito Gobbi, Gina Lollobrigida, Alfio Poli. Plus "Storm in a Teacup," comedy starring Rex Harrison, Vivien Leigh. (Re-release.)

STATE.—** "The Man in the White Suit," British comedy starring Alec Guinness, Joan Greenwood. Plus "13 East Street," thriller starring Patrick Holt.

ST. JAMES.—*** "Good-bye, Mr. Chips," drama starring Robert Donat, Greer Garson. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—* "The Denver and Rio Grande," technicolor drama starring Edmond O'Brien, Dean Jagger, Laura Elliott. Plus "This Gun For Hire," thriller starring Alan Ladd, Veronica Lake. (Re-release.)

VICTORY.—* "Untamed Frontier," technicolor Western starring Joseph Cotten, Shelley Winters, Scott Brady. Plus "Lost in Alaska," comedy starring Abbott and Costello.

Films not yet reviewed

CENTURY.—* "The Holly and the Ivy," drama starring Sir Ralph Richardson, Celia Johnson, Margaret Leighton. Plus "Mr. Peck-a-boo," comedy starring Bourvil, Joan Greenwood.

LYCEUM.—* "The Importance of Being Earnest," British technicolor comedy starring Michael Redgrave, Joan Greenwood, Michael Denison. Plus "Assassin For Hire," thriller starring Ronald Howard, Katherine Blake.

PARK.—* "The Fighter," boxing drama starring Richard Conte, Vanessa Brown. Plus "My Dear Secretary," comedy starring Kirk Douglas, Laraine Day. (Re-release.)

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★★ The Greatest Show On Earth

VETERAN producer-director Cecil B. DeMille offers a feast of entertainment in his circus extravaganza "The Greatest Show On Earth" (Paramount).

The picture is set against the panorama of Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey's big-top.

In scenes that shift and change and constantly fill the eye, technicolor cameras capture the tinselled glamor of the circus on parade, the visual excitement of dangerous feats of skill, and the sense of raucous fun that is the essence of a visit to the circus.

Against the background of this three-ring show, DeMille crowds documentary scenes of the circus on the move and half a dozen stories of circus life.

DeMille himself narrates the former in pontifical tones.

Principals in melodramatic bits of screenplay are Betty Hutton, Cornel Wilde, and Charlton Heston, with James Stewart as a mysterious clown, and jealous elephant trainer Lyle Bettger in conflict with hard-boiled assistant Gloria Grahame.

Glamorous circus star Dorothy Lamour starts out with a story, too, but the thread of it is lost before the picture is half-way through.

An assortment of mugs, muscle-men, and characters on the make are also mixed up in behind-the-scene action.

A bang-up train smash heralds the finale and permits the picture to end with a typical DeMille flourish.

In Sydney—Prince Edward.

★★ Story of Robin Hood

WALT DISNEY'S all-live-action version of the Robin Hood legend is like a schoolboy's dream of adventure as, against an improbably green Sherwood Forest, a simple folk-tale unwinds to the notes of tuneful ballads sung by Allan-a-dale.

As Robin, the sturdy lad who is outlawed when his father is foully murdered by a bowman of the sly Sheriff of Nottingham (Peter Finch), hero Richard Todd is a boyish, likeable champion of oppressed Englishmen.

Quaffing nut-brown ale of good October brewing and scuffling in their greenwood hideout, James Robertson Justice (Little John), James Hayter (Friar Tuck), and Elton Hayes (Allan-a-dale) are a pleasant nucleus for the merry forest band.

Diffidence displayed by newcomer Joan Rice, who plays the Maid Marian role, will no doubt disappear as she gains screen experience.

Arch villains of the piece are, of course, Prince John (Hubert Gregg) and De Lacy, Sheriff of Nottingham (Peter Finch). The former is very smooth, the latter somewhat disappointing.

For his vile offices De Lacy comes to a messy end. The return from crusading of good King Richard (as the Black Knight) puts an end to Prince John's hopes of ruling England.

In Sydney—Plaza.

* As I read the stars *

By EVE HILLIARD *

ARIES (March 21-April 20): Had you thought of taking up a new study or hobby in 1953? Seek information about it now. December 21 is ace-high for short pleasure trips.

TAURUS (April 21 - May 20): Cashing in on past experience, December 19 might give you a lead to a bit of extra money, but don't splurge on the strength of future prospects December 20.

GEMINI (May 21-June 21): Friends, workmates, your crowd may mean much to you December 19, when new activities are scheduled. December 22 you may suffer from "Mondayitis."

CANCER (June 22-July 22): If connected with the armed services or in government employ, December 17 offers fresh opportunities. For all of you December 21 brings new horizons.

LEO (July 23-August 22): Invitations may be showered on you. If eligible, romance flourishes. Others find enjoyment in a party-going programme. December 21 a high-water mark.

VIRGO (August 23-September 23): Entertaining gives the Virgo host or hostess a triumph if arrangements are made December 19. Avoid exhaustion or nervous strain December 22.

LIBRA (September 24-October 23): Your own neighbor-

hood may be an old story, yet it is likely to take on new colors December 19. A new or renewed friendship is worth cultivating December 20.

SCORPIO (October 24-November 22): Of course you can keep a secret December 16, even if it is exciting. Don't allow December 21 to provoke you into telling it too soon.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23-December 20): Sitting on top of the world December 18? That's fine, but recklessness or extravagance December 30 or 22 might gum the works and spoil the fun.

CAPRICORN (December 21-January 19): Some Capricornians may find themselves pushed into the background December 17 or 19. Don't worry, your turn is coming December 21.

AQUARIUS (January 20-February 19): Some of those plans which might be going awry December 18, when you are probably attempting too much, will come right side up December 22.

PISCES (February 20-March 20): You're starred as the chief attraction, with social or financial advantages coming your way. Be careful what you say December 19.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it.)

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right away. Within ten days you'll benefit. After that keep on enjoying this crisp nut-sweet breakfast cereal. Never lose that wonderful feeling of health and natural regularity it brings.

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GARBOS OF TOMORROW

SINCE World War II many European film actresses have gone to Hollywood, confident that they would succeed in the same way as Greta Garbo, Marlene Dietrich, and Ingrid Bergman. Not many have made much impression. But a few have been hailed as the "Garbo of tomorrow". A.M. for December publishes a report on these outstanding actresses. Get your copy of the December A.M. today.

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1 DISCOVERY that her daughter, Mandy, is deaf (at left) shocks Christine Garland (Phyllis Calvert).

2 QUARRELS (above) about their child's education disturb Christine and husband, Harry (Terence Morgan).

DOMESTIC DRAMA



3 CONVINCED that headmaster of a school for deaf and dumb children Dick Searle (Jack Hawkins) can help Mandy, Christine leaves Harry and takes Mandy with her.

A TEAM of film players and technicians moved into the Royal Residential School for the Deaf in Manchester, England, to shoot scenes for Ealing's production "Mandy."

School pupils are seen in the film going about their daily training.

"Mandy" tells the story of a young couple whose marriage is endangered because they disagree about the education of their daughter, who was born deaf and consequently might never speak.



4 PROGRESS is slow, Mandy becomes pupil at the school, where children are taught to lip-read, eventually to speak.



5 HYSTERICAL, Mandy makes her first conscious sound when she breaks a cup. Young teacher Miss Stockton (Dorothy Alison) encourages the bewildered child to scream again and again, and feel sound vibrations.



6 INTEREST taken in Mandy's progress by Searle is misconstrued by gossips. Hearing Searle's name linked with Christine, Harry visits Christine to investigate the situation.



7 SHOWDOWN takes place when Harry finds Christine out, Mandy with a stranger. Returning with Searle, Christine tries to show Mandy's improvement, but the nervous child is silent. In spite of explanations, Harry takes her away with him.



8 TRIO are reunited when Christine meets Harry later on. He realises the worth of Searle's school when Mandy hesitatingly answers some children who ask her name.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 17, 1952

Olivier breaks into song

By BILL STRUTTON,
of our London staff

I have just been on the hush-hushest film set in England—and not by crawling under a tent flap, either. I walked in through the front door.

THE film is "The Beggar's Opera," starring Sir Laurence Olivier. He plays the part of the highwayman Macheath and—he sings.

I'm told he has a jolly good voice, but I can't give a personal opinion on it. Sir Laurence was too shy to demonstrate.

They lifted a corner of the veil over filming "The Beggar's Opera" this week, and admitted a handful of overseas journalists.

The sight which met our eyes was one of the most lavish film sets yet constructed in a British studio—the middle of an early eighteenth century English city, complete with cobbled streets, barber's shop, taverns, fish stalls, coffee houses—and everywhere colourful swinging signs, like the barber's, which says, "Gentlemen Dispatched in a Moment."

It is laid out on an echoing, covered sound stage the size of an aircraft hangar.

Satiric gaiety is the mood of "The Beggar's Opera," which the English poet John Gay wrote to mock at the morals and manners of English upper-crust society.

Though Sir Laurence Olivier told me he had dickered with the idea of filming it about three years ago, the man actually responsible for putting it on the screen this time is the director, youthful, balding, rolypoly Peter Brook one of England's most brilliant young theatrical producers.

Brook has crossed from stage to film studio for this, his first screen assignment.

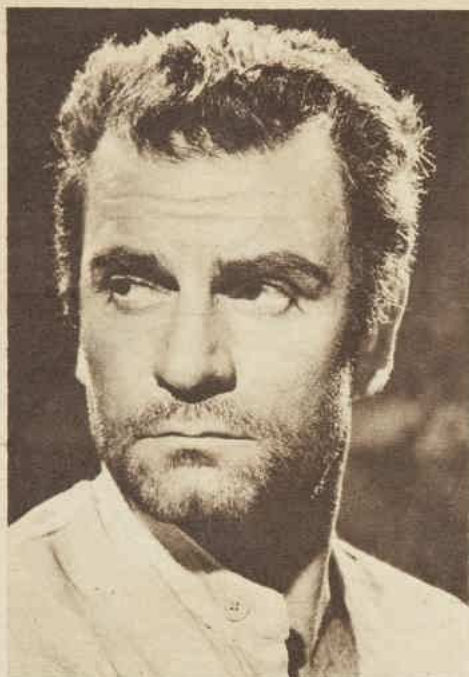
Director Brook is married to Natasha Parry, a young brunette, whom illness has recently kept from the screen.

The morning I was on the set Brook spent a full three hours on top of the camera-crane as it trundled about a field following the movement of a crowd of 500 extras.

These extras, smocked, be-wigged, some with tricorn hats and buckle shoes and breeches and hose, were exhorted by Brook, through a booming amplifier, to "Put more go into it."

They swarmed about a replica of Tyburn Tree, the gallows from which highwayman Macheath had just been reprieved. Among them blazed the magnificent red coats and black-and-white tricorn hats of soldiers. This is real stuff for technicolor.

At a signal, the great camera-crane backed away from the gallows, with the crowd pouring after it, cheering, waving, shouting.



CREWCUT and stubble-faced, Sir Laurence Olivier looks like this as Macheath, the singing highwayman, in the Wilcox-Neagle technicolor production of "The Beggar's Opera." The film is already tipped as the biggest box-office attraction from Britain for 1953.

"Cut," shouted the director. He sat up in his perch, held his head, then looked up at heaven and said, with plaintive restraint, "You know, it really wasn't very good!"

So they did it again, and again, while a knife-cutting wind blew across the meadow and the sky got darker.

Said producer Herbert Wilcox, the husband of Anna Neagle: "My first film, called 'The Wonderful Story,' cost only about a fifth of the hire charges of the props we are using in 'The Beggar's Opera!'"

His brother-in-law, Stuart Robertson—Anna Neagle's brother—has charge of the financial worries of the film.

Hefty, with ginger hair

people on the set say audiences are in for a pleasant surprise when they hear his first-rate baritone. As a boy he went to a choir school, and a secret not let out till now is that he has always been an enthusiastic after-dinner singer.

Before taking this part he took singing lessons and had his voice tape-recorded so that the experts could listen and criticise.

He is quite a horseman. No doubles are needed for Olivier when the cameras roll and he jumps on a magnificent black to career off over the hills.

On the other hand, a double is needed for his new leading lady, petite Dorothy Tutin, who had her first great screen success in "The Importance of Being Earnest."

Dorothy Tutin, who plays Polly Peachum, the highwayman-hero's sweetheart, told me she found going through all the motions of singing while somebody else does the real work rather fun. She copied the singer's gestures, her trick of lifting her eyes, clasping her hands, holding them out.

"The result is thrilling," she said. "To see yourself up there on the screen with someone else's glorious voice coming out of your mouth is quite the oddest sensation I've ever had."

Here are two tips about the hush-hush production of "The Beggar's Opera."

Maker Wilcox, a veteran showman, aims to hold it until about Coronation time and launch it on a London teeming with visitors from all over the world.

Looking around at all the plans for production between now and then, "The Beggar's Opera," with singing highwayman Olivier in the lead, should turn out to be the biggest box-office attraction from Britain for 1953.

Modest about voice

thinning on top, and a resonant voice, he greeted me in the broadest and most accurate Australian accent I have heard. In 1927 Stuart Robertson, a fine bass-baritone, toured Australia for seven months with Dame Nellie Melba.

"And I loved the place so much, I've talked about it ever since," he said. "Try to say hullo for me to Lindley Evans, who was our accompanist, and Frank Hutchens, who was another, will you?"

"Our whole family owes Australia so much kindness. My father was a skipper on the Australian run. My brother was swamped with hospitality in Sydney during the war."

About that Australian accent. Like the professor of "Pygmalion," Stuart Robertson makes a hobby of accents. He collects them.

Sir Laurence Olivier, minus his highwayman's clothes and with a crewcut over which goes the ribboned peruke of Macheath, came across to talk. He was modest about his voice and laughed off questions. But

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Heavenly Glow Skin Perfume 10/11

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Needlework Notions ...

No. 358.—SMALL GIRL'S DRESS AND MATCHING PANTIES

358 The pretty and practical small girl's outfit is obtainable cut out ready to make in a printed pin-spot summer breeze cotton. The color choice includes blue, green, or red pin-spots, all printed on a white ground. Sizes: Length, 18in. for 2 years, 18½in. for 3 years, 19in. for 4 years, 19½in. for 5 years, 20in. for 6 years, 20½in. for 7 years, 21in. for 8 years, 21½in. for 9 years, 22in. for 10 years. Postage and registration, 1/8 extra for dress, 7d. extra for pants.

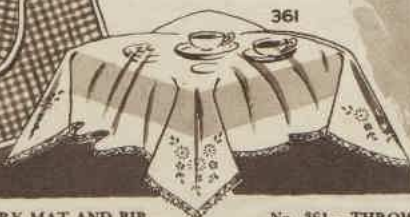
No. 359.—SLIP AND SCANTIES SET

359 A pretty two-piece obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced ready to embroider. The material is rayon crepe-de-chine in pale pink, sky-blue, and white. Sizes: Slip, 32in. and 34in. bust, 28½in. 36in. and 38in. bust, 29½in. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra. Sizes: Scanties, 24½in., 26in., 28in., 30in., and 32in. waist measurement, 13½in. Postage and registration, 1/4 extra.



No. 360.—NURSERY MAT AND BIB

The mat and bib are obtainable in check cotton with applique piece clearly traced ready to sew. The edge is finished with bias binding, which is not supplied. The color choice includes red and white, blue and white, and green and white. The mat measures 11in. x 17in. and the bib 8in. x 11in. Price complete, 6½. Postage, 7d. extra.



No. 361.—THROW-OVER

The throw-over is obtainable clearly traced ready to embroider. The lace edging is not supplied. The material is floral organdie in blue, pink, lemon, green, and white. Size, 36in. x 36in. Price, 9/3. Postage, 7d. extra.

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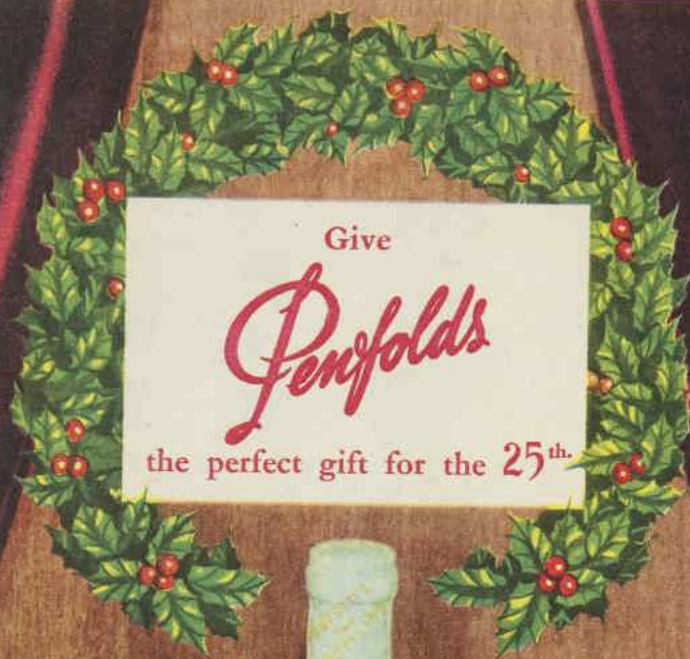
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Christmas Candies

• Home-made candies make acceptable gifts. Pack them prettily, and your sweet-tooth friends will be delighted.

SPECIAL equipment is not necessary (though a candy thermometer is an advantage), but it is important to observe a few basic rules in order to avoid failure and disappointment when making candies.

Remember that home-made sweets are affected by atmosphere. A dry, clear day is good, but wet or hot, muggy days often cause surface stickiness.

Stir with a wooden spoon until mixture boils, but do not stir at all after boiling point is reached unless stated in the recipe.

Liquid glucose or cream of tartar is used in most sweet recipes to prevent granulation. Glucose is easy to handle with a wet spoon or with wet fingers.

If a candy thermometer is not available, use the following tests to judge the temperature of the boiling syrup.

Soft ball: 236deg. F. to 240deg. F. Drop a little of the syrup into cold water. You should be able to mould it into a soft ball with your fingers.

Stiff or firm ball: 250deg. F. to 260deg. F. Test in same way as for soft ball, but syrup should roll into a firm, stiff ball.

Hard crack or brittle: 300deg. F. to 310deg. F. (for most toffees). Syrup is light brown in color and snaps and crackles when dropped into cold water.

All spoon measurements are level.

CHERRY NOUGAT

One and a half pounds sugar, 4lb. glucose, 6 full tablespoons water, 1 egg-white, 3oz. or 4oz. glace cherries, 2oz. chopped blanched almonds or walnuts, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Place sugar and glucose into a saucepan, add water, stir with a wooden spoon over low heat until sugar is dissolved. Boil steadily to 240deg. F. Pour into basin. When cool but not cold, beat for 3 minutes, then fold in stiffly beaten egg-white, cherries, nuts, vanilla, and lemon juice. Continue beating until white and stiff. May be colored pink if desired. Press into bar-tin lined with waxed paper. When set, cut into blocks, wrap in waxed paper.

WALNUT FUDGE

Two cups brown sugar, 4 cup water, 2 dessertspoons glucose, 1 cup chopped walnuts (or use half dates and half walnuts), 2 tablespoons butter.

Place all ingredients into a saucepan, stir until boiling. Boil steadily to 240deg. F., cool in a basin. Beat

until stiff. Turn into greased tin or tin lined with waxed paper. When set, cut into blocks.

COCONUT ROUGHS

One and a half pounds sugar, 4lb. glucose, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 cup coarsely shredded coconut, coloring.

Place sugar and glucose into a saucepan, add water, stir with a wooden spoon over low heat until sugar is dissolved. Place lid on for a couple of minutes to allow steam to dissolve any sugar clinging to sides of saucepan. Boil steadily without stirring to 236deg. F. Pour into basin, allow to cool. Beat until beginning to whiten and thicken. Add vanilla, lemon juice, and coconut, also coloring if desired. Using a small fork, quickly pick up a small portion at a time and place on to waxed paper to set.

CHOCOLATE COCONUT-ICE

Two pounds sugar, 1 cup milk, 1/4 teaspoon cream of tartar or 1 dessertspoon glucose, 1 1/2 cups desiccated coconut, 1 dessertspoon cocoa blended smoothly with milk, vanilla.

Place sugar, milk, and cream of tartar or glucose into a saucepan. Stir over low heat until sugar is dissolved, boil steadily to 236deg. F. Divide evenly between 2 basins, add half the coconut to each one, flavor both with vanilla. Stir blended cocoa

into one basin and when cool beat until very thick. Press into tin lined with waxed paper. Beat white portion until very thick, press into tin on top of chocolate part. Allow to set, cut into blocks.

CHOCOLATE-COATED PEANUT CLUSTERS

One quarter-pound block dark, semi-sweet chocolate, 4lb. shelled peanuts.

Melt chocolate in unbreakable bowl over gently boiling water. Remove from heat, add peanuts, and mix well. Drop a teaspoonful at a time on to waxed paper, cover with waxed paper, and set for about 12 hours in ice-chest or refrigerator.

TOFFEE APPLES

Three cups sugar, 1 cup water, 1 dessertspoon vinegar, red coloring, small red apples, wooden skewers.

Wash apples well. Remove stems, pierce apples with wooden skewers. Place sugar, water, and vinegar into a saucepan. Bring slowly to boiling point, place lid on saucepan for a few minutes to melt sugar on sides. Remove lid, cook steadily and quickly until toffee turns a deep straw color and bubbles slowly and thickly. Test a little in cold water—

it should snap and crackle. Remove from fire, add red coloring, and shake saucepan (do not stir) to mix coloring evenly. Stand saucepan in a basin of very hot water. Dip apples one at a time, twisting to drain off surplus toffee. Stand upright on greased tray until set.

FRUIT ROLLS

Uncooked fondant, colored green and flavored with almond essence (or color and flavor as desired), chopped mixed fruit, water, lemon juice.

Roll fondant into long strips about 2in. wide. Place fruit into a saucepan, moisten with water and flavor with lemon juice. Stir over low heat until softened and well mixed. Allow to cool. Spread on fondant strips and roll over, making long, thin rolls. Roll in waxed paper and chill until firm. Cut into slices crosswise.

BUTTERSCOTCH ALMONDS

One and a half cups sugar, scant 1/2 cup water, 1 1/4 tablespoons butter, 1 tablespoon glucose, almonds.

Place sugar and glucose into a saucepan, add water, and stir until sugar is dissolved. Boil steadily to 238deg. F., add butter, and boil again until a little dropped into cold

water snaps and crackles. It should be light honey in color. Remove from heat, drop nuts in, lift out one at a time with a small teaspoon, and place on buttered paper to set.

PRUNE CREAMS

Stoned dessert prunes or home-cooked prunes, uncooked fondant, vanilla, lemon juice, almond essence, food colorings.

Color and flavor uncooked fondant as desired, vanilla in pink, almond essence in green, and lemon in yellow. Shape a small piece at a time in the fingers, fit into centre of prune, and stand aside on waxed paper to set.

CREAM CARAMELS

Two cups sugar, 1 cup condensed milk, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 tablespoons glucose, 4 cup boiling water, 1 tablespoon butter.

Place sugar, condensed milk, glucose, butter, and water into a saucepan. Stir continuously and cook slowly to between 250deg. F. and 260deg. F. or until the mixture "strings" away from the sides of the saucepan and forms a very firm ball when a little is dropped into cold water. Stir in vanilla, pour into greased tin to set. As it cools and sets, mark in squares with greased knife.

Continued on page 50

BY OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS



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ALAS FOR PRETTY SUSAN DAWN
WHO SKIPPED HER BREAKFAST
EVERY MORN!



SHE LOST HER LOOKS AND LOST HER PUNCH



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Prize recipes

For festive season dinners or everyday family meals on the hot days that lie ahead, try the delicious jellied fruit flan which wins this week's main prize of £5.

THE jellied fruit flan is best served icy cold with custard, cream, or ice-cream.

While home-garden passion vines are heavy with fruit, take an hour off from Christmas preparations and make up a few jars of passionfruit cheese to fill into tartlets, sandwich layers of sponge cakes, or spread on crackers.

The recipe for passionfruit cheese and recipes for two appetising savory dishes win consolation prizes.

All spoon measurements are level.

JELLIED FRUIT FLAN

One cooked and cooled 8in. pastry-case, 1 packet lemon jelly, 1 1/2 cups hot water, 1 egg, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute, 3 dessertspoons sugar, juice of 1/2 lemon, 1 large pear, 2 medium-sized bananas, 2 passionfruit.

Dissolve jelly in hot water, cool. When beginning to thicken, spoon half into cold pastry-case, chill until set. Beat egg, add butter, sugar, and lemon juice. Stir over low heat until thickened. When cold, spread over jelly in pastry-case. Slice bananas, chop pear, mix both with passionfruit pulp. Fill into tart. Spoon balance of thickened jelly over fruit, chill until set. Decorate with cream or substitute.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. W. Turner, Station St., Weston, N.S.W.

SPAGHETTI MARIO

Two cups cooked spaghetti, 1oz. butter or substitute, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 tablespoon chopped chives, 1 teaspoon

chopped fresh sage, 2oz. peeled chopped mushrooms (may be omitted), 6 lamb's kidneys or chickens' livers, 1 cup brown gravy, paprika.

Combine spaghetti, butter, cheese, chives, and sage. Heat thoroughly, mix in sauteed mushrooms. Add sliced kidneys or liver to the brown gravy and simmer gently until tender. Spoon kidneys into hot individual serving dishes, top with spaghetti mixture, dust with paprika. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. F. Snell, 41 Henry St., Oakleigh, Vic.

PASSIONFRUIT CHEESE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 4oz. sugar, 4 egg-yolks, juice of 1 lemon, grated rind of 1/2 lemon, pulp of 6 passionfruit.

Place all ingredients into a saucepan, stir with a wooden spoon over low heat until all ingredients are well mixed, sugar dissolved, and mixture slightly thickened. Set aside to cool, then bottle and cover as for jam.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Meyrick, Glasshouse Mountains, Qld.

BAKED SEASONED MINCE

One and a half pounds minced steak, 1 medium potato, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion.

Mix steak, peeled and coarsely grated potato, parsley, salt, and chopped onion. Stand 1/2 hour, stirring occasionally. Spread half over base of greased ovenware dish. Cover with prepared seasoning, add balance of meat.

Christmas Candies

Continued from page 49

UNCOOKED FONDANT

One pound sifted icing-sugar, 2oz. glucose, 1 egg-white, lemon juice, vanilla, coloring.

Place glucose in a cup and stand in boiling water until melted. Break egg-white up slightly with a fork, but do not beat. Drop into well in centre of sifted icing-sugar, mix from centre outwards. When nearly all icing-sugar is absorbed, remove spoon and knead with the hands. Turn on to board dusted with sifted icing-sugar and continue kneading until smooth and satiny. Knead in flavoring and coloring, adding coloring a few drops at a time until desired shade is obtained.

CANDIED PEEL

Six oranges or lemons, 1 pint water, 4oz. salt, 1 1/2lb. sugar, 1 1/2 pints water.

Cut washed oranges and lemons in halves, cover with water and salt brought to boiling point. Allow to stand 2 or 3 days. Drain fruit in strainer, leaving overnight if possible. Remove pulp from fruit and place rinds in boiling syrup made with the sugar and water. Cook steadily 20 minutes, lift fruit on to wire strainer, and leave 3 or 4 days. Reboil 20 minutes in same syrup, allow to cool in the syrup, then lift out on to

strainer and leave for 3 or 4 days to dry out. Store in airtight containers.

MINIATURE MARZIPAN FRUITS

(Moulded from almond paste.)
Almond Paste: Mix 4oz. ground almonds with 1/2lb. sifted icing-sugar. Mix to a firm paste with 1 beaten egg-yolk and about 1 tablespoon orange juice or sherry.

Apples: Roll portions of paste between the fingers, making balls about the size of large marbles. Press stem portion of clove into top of each and color lightly with food coloring, using a small paint brush.

Bananas: Shape small portions into small crescents, brush lightly with yellow coloring and touch each end and some portions of the side with melted chocolate or Parisian essence.

Carrots: Shape small portions to represent carrots, brush lightly with orange coloring, and press a small piece of green marzipan into top of each.

Strawberries: Shape small portions of paste to represent strawberries. Prick here and there with point of skewer, brush with light red coloring. Press small green leaves (cut or shaped from marzipan) into top.



JELLIED FRUIT FLAN (see prize recipe) is made in three layers. A thin spread of smooth lemon-cream separates a layer of jelly and a layer of jellied fruit. Cream, ice-cream, or custard may be served with the flan.

Cover with greased paper, bake in moderate oven 1/2 to 1 hour. Cut into sections and serve hot with or without brown gravy.

Seasoning: Combine 2 cups soft breadcrumbs, 1/2 teaspoon dried herbs, salt and pepper

to taste. Rub in 3 teaspoon bacon fat, add 1/2 cup finely diced celery, 1/2 cup grated onion, 1/2 cup chopped walnuts, and sufficient milk to moisten. Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. Green, "Mapledurham," Leongatha, Vic.

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Other topline features in the December A.M. include 11 articles, five short stories, three picture stories, and A.M.'s regular exclusive monthly departments. There's something for everyone in the bumper Christmas issue of A.M.

Make sure you get your copy of the magazine today.

A doctor writes about . . .

Some of my patients

T.B. throat needs rest A child and Santa

I HAVE had a fairly straight run of uninterrupted Saturday afternoons in my garden recently, but I couldn't expect my luck to hold all the time.

I was hard at work on a persistent little crop of onion weed the other Saturday when I heard my wife greet Marion Caulfield as she came up the drive.

Marion's voice sounded huskier than usual. Some Saturdays back she came to me in great distress to have a ladybird removed from her ear. This time, I guessed, she wanted something to kill another wog—the cold.

When we went into the surgery, however, she did not mention a cold. Instead, she held up the well-wrapped forefinger of her right hand.

"I blame this damaged finger on you, so I won't apologise for disturbing your Saturday calm again," she told me lightly.

"Why, what have I to do with it?"

"Your nice garden fired me with ambition, but when I got working in mine to-day I stabbed my finger on a dirty nail."

While I treated the punctured finger and gave her an anti-tetanus injection, I asked, "How long have you had your cold?"

"Oh, it's better now," she replied, "but my voice is still bad, isn't it? It's been hoarse like this for weeks, and I also feel pretty flat."

"To-day is the first in ages that I've had enough energy to potter in the garden."

I had a look at her throat and then asked if she had lost weight lately. She told me she had.

"I can't see much here, Marion," I said. "I'd like you to have a more extensive examination."

She saw the specialist two days later and he put her into hospital for observation and testing. I expected the result—she has early tuberculosis of the larynx.

"Good grief!" exclaimed

Marion when I told her. "No wonder I felt ill! What are you going to do with me now?"

"Nothing too bad," I assured her. "You'll have to stay in bed for some months, and I'll treat you with streptomycin and P.A.S."

"Before streptomycin was discovered, the only effective treatment was absolute voice rest for a long time. Fortunately, I don't have to sentence you to that, but you'll have to rest your voice for a while."

"I'm glad that punctured finger sent me to you," said Marion. "Otherwise, I might have let my cold 'run its course,' as I thought, and learned too late about the T.B."

The possibility of tuberculosis in young adults is always present, and regular X-ray is the only way to be sure it is not present. Any persistent feeling of tiredness or sudden loss of weight and appetite in young people should be investigated.

FIVE - YEAR - OLD

Johnny Leeman looked a quiet, mournful, little fellow when his mother brought him to see me this morning. He leaned dejectedly against my desk and gave me a dull look when I greeted him.

"I don't know what's wrong with him," said his mother. "I don't think he has smiled in days. He's not eating or sleeping well, and he's not even interested in playing."

"That shouldn't be, Johnny," I said, trying to catch his attention. "I have a little boy like you, and he's happy all the time. He has lots of fun."

"Does he?" asked Johnny, brightening a little.

"Yes. He's asked Santa Claus to bring him a bike for Christmas. What have you asked him to bring you?"

Johnny gave me a broken-hearted look, and then burst into tears.

The reason for his abject

The Family Scrapbook

By DR. ERNEST G. OSBORNE

"WHY are modern children so restless?" Such a question is often raised. It is pointed out that in the past it was common for youngsters to sit quietly while their parents were visiting. Children were "seen but not heard."

If this is true—and there is some doubt that our grandparents and great-grandparents were so quiet—why is it? Is it because we don't discipline to-day's child as much? That's one of the first explanations one is likely to hear.

We can't be sure just what the reasons are. Certainly, if it brings punishment and disapproval, noisy or active behaviour will not be shown as often. However, there are probably other more important causes. Life for all—adults and children—is more hectic than it used to be.



Restlessness

Health, strangely enough, may play its part. A poorly nourished, physically under-par child may well find it easier than does his well-nourished brother to slump quietly in a chair. Generally speaking, children to-day are better fed and kept in better physical condition than were their ancestors. So they have more energy.

misery came out bit by bit. Two children at school—both the same age as he—had told him that there was no Father Christmas. Johnny's little world, planned to include a visit from Santa, had tumbled around him.

Apparently his playmates were insistent about the non-existence of Santa, so I had to try to reassemble his shattered ideal.

I explained to him, as well as I could, that Father Christmas loved little boys and girls who had magic—and he, Johnny, so obviously had magic—and told him that boys who rejected Santa were, in turn, rejected by him.

I was prepared to devote time to restoring his belief in Santa, but Johnny was anxious

to co-operate and went off happily with his mother.

Doubtless the children who tried to destroy his belief were only quoting what they had heard from adults. Some people pride themselves on their practical outlook, and try to influence children to be equally practical.

Such people should think twice before disturbing a sensitive child who is perfectly happy believing in Santa. Eventually this child will reach an age where he can work out for himself the existence or otherwise of the lovable Christmas character.

All names are fictitious and do not refer to any living person. We regret that our doctor cannot answer inquiries.

PICTURE OF A Grafton FASHION HANKIE dancing on the line...

FOR THE 25th TIME



Levers Wash-Tests show that Grafton hankies retained all their original color-lustre after 25 test launderings. But Grafton hankies are guaranteed for at least 50 launderings and you'll find they're still good for countless more.

Give Grafton Hankies for Christmas

Ask for Grafton Hankies by name at all good stores. GHI



"A whole week! You're lucky—he's giving most of the kids only two days to live."



FESTIVE IDEAS

THE Christmas stars which are the effective feature of the Swedish table setting above are made with drinking straws.

The straws are cut to varying lengths, are flattened at one end, and the flat ends are then glued to a small cardboard disc.

The disc with the straws attached is then glued to a piece of painted dowl stick, which is stuck in a flat piece of wood or cork for a base.

Glue a small, cheap bauble to the centre of the star to cover up the flattened straw ends.

CHRISTMAS TABLE: Candles in low holders nestling on a base of leaves and brightly polished apples are flanked by slender standards bearing stars made of drinking straws.



FLOWER-CARLANDED TABLE with its artistic grouping of tall, slender candlesticks strikes a note of elegance. Any flowers and greenery will serve as decoration. The picture is by courtesy of the Swedish Svenskt Tenn Arts and Crafts Centre, Stockholm.

Christmas trees

THE glittering tree illustrated at left can be quickly made for table or mantelpiece decoration.

A branch from a shrub or tree (or a stick with pipe-cleaners for branches) is sunk in a pail of sand.

Over the branches wind tinsel and attach stars, circles, and Christmas-tree shapes in colored felt or cardboard glittering with sewn-on sequins, beads, or buttons.

Paint the trunk of the tree or bind it with colored paper or tinsel.

Smaller Christmas trees, graduating in size (see below), can be made with the aid of the diagram at the right.

Each square of the diagram equals 1 in.

Use colored cardboard or stiff paper for the trees.

Cut out, assemble, and brush the tips of the branches with white paint.

1½" SQUARES



CUT OUT two cardboard pieces for each tree, slit one at the base and the other at the top. Assemble as shown below.



CHILDREN will enjoy making these little Christmas trees, which are a wonderful decoration for the Christmas table or mantelpiece. The trees can be taken apart and packed away for the following year.



ABOVE: Glittering Christmas tree is made from a branch stripped of leaves and wrapped with tinsel.

RIGHT: Fill a red dustpan with brightly painted pine cones and foliage. Tie a bow of ribbon on the handle. The pan rests on two nails or picture-hanging pins driven into the wall.



The one safe cleanser that GETS DIRT FAST!



That's Bon Ami Cleanser — gets dirt, cuts grease, but never dulls the shiny surface of your sink, bath, refrigerator, pots and pans. Gives everything a super-shine as you clean — with much less work. Try it and see why millions of women won't use any other! Get Bon Ami Cleanser to-day!



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TWO HANDY FORMS, POWDER AND CAKE.

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129 answers



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The DESTROL is delivered as a complete unit in a single crate. Full instructions are supplied. DESTROL representatives will supervise any installation free of charge. Complete installation can also be carried out if required.

You can get full particulars of the DESTROL from any one of the State Distributors. Write, phone, or call to-day — they will be glad to help you.

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Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and PRINCESS NARDA: Return the victims of the "ghost whale" to port. Mandrake installs a gun on the "Argos," and they go back to investi-

gate the "pirates who came from nowhere." One night they see a glowing, mysterious object like a torpedo gliding through the water. It tries to ram the "Argos," and the sailors rush to man the gun. NOW READ ON:



PERRY MASON

by ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

• Famous lawyer Perry Mason and Cris Cobb are on the trail of Roy Adger, who stole blueprints of scientist Dr. Early's valuable invention. Framing Sally Dale for the theft, Adger helps her escape to his shack in the country. He plans to kill her. On the way to the shack, Mason's car has a blowout and Cris changes the tyre while Mason continues on foot.



At last I'm free to look after my little family— thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids



This human story will interest many sufferers who should be enjoying radiant health

The whole thing started four months ago, when I was advised to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment. Gone is the pain in my knees. Gone is the crippling of my hands that refused to allow me to dress or undress myself. Gone is that dreadful depression and hopelessness that surely was getting me down. Gone the dreadful wakeful nights. Gone are the nights when I was barricaded up with pillows—pillows under my knees; they were so swollen and sore I could not stand the pressure one on the other. Gone is the pillow I had to have on my chest to rest the painful arm, as it was too sore to lie on. For the first time in a good many years, at last I'm free from pain—free to look after my little family. Many thanks to Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for my new happiness.

If YOU suffer backache, rheumatism, neuritis, lumbago, sick headaches, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too!

—as they helped this young mother and her family. There is the story of thousands of other Australians. Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder Weakness, Dizziness, Headaches and Simple High Blood Pressure are so common to-day that these and kindred ailments cost Australians approximately \$25,000,000 a year. Much suffering and loss can be ended by helping your bloodstream to wash away crippling everyday poisons with a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids.

How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids act

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment cleanses your body of the germs and poisons that rob you of your natural health and energy and which so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Simple High Blood Pressure, Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder trouble, Backache, and similar aches and pains. In these times of stress, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment will restore you to normal good health and keep you fit and well to enjoy your life as you should. Start Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment to-day and see how your tiredness, your aches and pains are quickly relieved, leaving you filled with new energy and cheerfulness.

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are safe and sure

They are a natural prescription, a great medicine containing Thionine. They are a tried and proven family treatment that has brought relief to generations of Australians from the painful, crippling poisons of bacteria and uric acid. If you, or yours, suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day and start a course of this famous treatment. Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will quickly relieve you of that unhappy depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

Start a course TO-DAY

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids

7/6 and 4/- EVERYWHERE

(with FREE Diet Chart)

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS
FAMOUS TREATMENT FOR THE BLOOD



Four months ago my hands were so useless I couldn't dress myself.



A dreadful depression and hopelessness was getting me down.



Sleepless at night with pain, I had to have pillows under my swollen knees and arms.

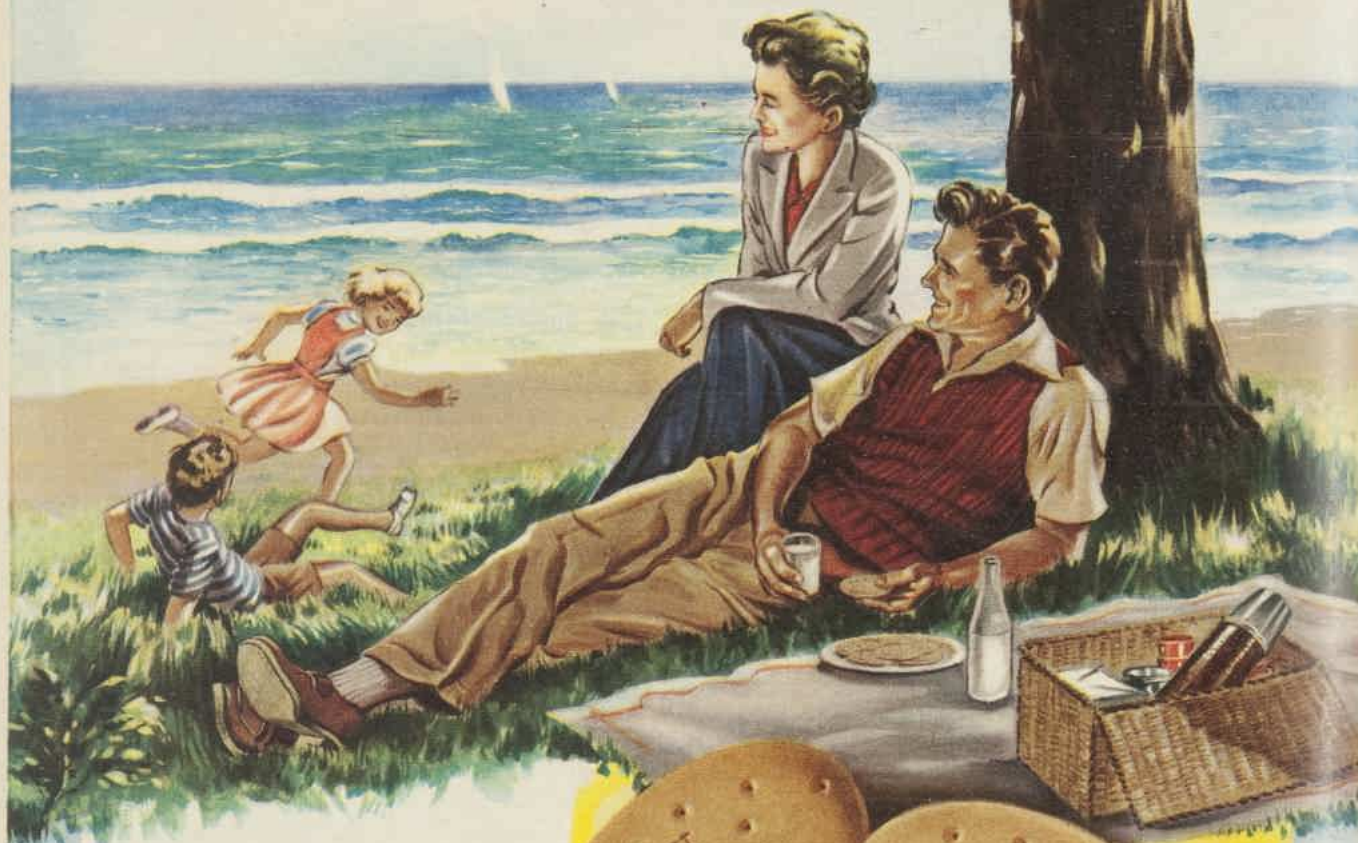


Now I can enjoy myself and do my work again.



Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints. In such cases as these, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment for cleansing your body of the poisons that cripple you.

"I dip them in milk
too"



EASY COME! No work at all!
EASY GO! Just watch them go—
the moment they appear on the
table or out of the picnic hamper.

There has never been such a general
favourite with all ages anywhere.

Whether it's a snack for Junior's
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lunch, or again, Grandma's light,
wholesome supper, ARNOTT'S
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BISCUITS fill a place in every Aus-
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